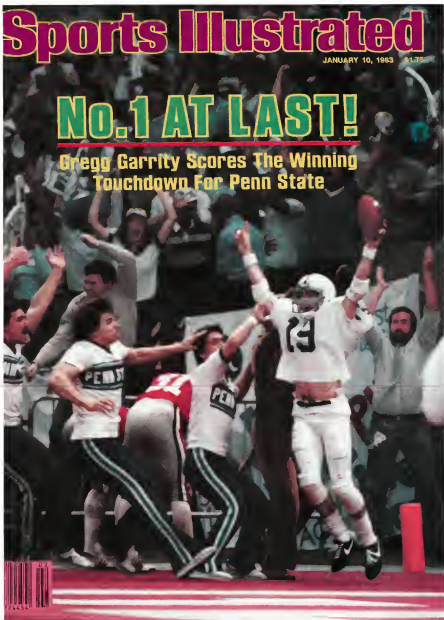


Sports Illustrated

JANUARY 10, 1983 \$1.75

No.1 AT LAST!

Gregg Garrity Scores The Winning
Touchdown For Penn State





**You found it. True.
The most tasteful ultra low tar in the race. Taste it.**

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

King size: 4 mg "tar", 0.4 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. 1991



OVERSEAS FAX. THE BEST WAY TO GIVE THEM THE PICTURE.

An exact copy Fax is the only system that sends it most anywhere in the world. Speed. Economy. Confidentiality. Fax puts it together like no other system can.

All you need to send hard copy overseas is a telephone and a facsimile machine. The same machine you may already be using domestically. The price of a Fax transmission is the price of a call. And our 1-minute overseas minimum makes it more economical than ever. See the chart for sample rates.

Send signed documents. Graphs. Pictures. Fax transmits an exact duplicate from your original. Sending them requires no special training or personnel. Send them any time.

Many terminals can receive without an operator. Send them with Fax. It's the only way for hard copy to travel.

For a free brochure, call toll free 1800 874-8000 or write Fax Facts, P.O. Box 397, East Brunswick, NJ 08816-0397.

Times and costs to transmit a 400-word page to Europe*			
TRANSMISSION TIMES**	COST		
	Std. Tel. Rate (7am-1pm)	D/S Tel. Rate (1pm-6pm)	Econ. Tel. Rate (6pm-7am)
1 MINUTE	\$2.37	\$1.78	\$1.42
3 MINUTES	\$5.03	\$3.78	\$3.02
6 MINUTES	\$9.02	\$6.78	\$5.42

*Similar attractive rates to other areas.

**Transmission times vary depending on type of equipment used.



Bell System



Another reason the world is sold on Bell.

OVER 2,000,000 PEOPLE HAVE
MADE THE CHOICE
THAT'S MADE
TO TAKE IT.



NOW THIS DRILL IS THE CRAFTSMAN® CHOICE FOR JANUARY.

We asked a lot of this Craftsman #1051 drill. But it wouldn't be a Craftsman drill if we didn't. It was put through one grueling test after another.

To start with, this 3/8-inch drill got the shock of its life... 3,000 volts of electricity. A little test of the double insulation. And that was just a warm-up.

After that came drilling. Lots of it! First wood. Then steel. Then masonry. Then more wood. More steel. Over 10,000 holes in all.

Next it was put through the temperature test. One surefire way to see it the ball, sleeve and roller bearings

could take the punishing heat that builds up inside a drill, during continuous operation. (Heat that could reach temperatures of 200°F)

Then the bit was jammed over and over again—stopping it dead in its tracks. A bit that was sometimes rotating at speeds of up to 1,200-RPM's. The point? To prove it's almost impossible to strip the helical gearing. Gearing that's built to take it.

And that was just the beginning. But we think you're beginning to get the point. After all, over 2,000,000 people have made this variable speed, reversible drill their choice. Now we've made it easier for you to make it yours.

From January 2-15, this Craftsman

1/3-HP drill is not only the Craftsman Choice, it's on sale at half price!* But don't wait. Unlike our drill, this sale only lasts two weeks.

ON SALE NOW JAN. 2-15
HALF PRICE \$29⁹⁹

sears

*Minimum savings nationally. Prices and dates apply only to the Continental United States.

© Sears, Roebuck and Co. 1983

EDGE USERS:

**IF YOU
DON'T LIKE
RISE™ SUPER GEL
BETTER...**



**WE'LL GIVE
YOU DOUBLE
YOUR MONEY
BACK.***

Just send the can with cash receipt to P.O. Box 1811, Winston-Salem, NC 27102. *Refund offer up to \$4.50. Limit one per customer. Offer expires March 31, 1984.

© Carter-Wallace, Inc., 1982

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED SUBSCRIBER SERVICE

Change of address? Please give us 4 weeks advance notice. Attach the label for your old address, write in your new address below.

Entering a new subscription? Check the box and fill in your name below. (To order gift subscriptions, please attach a separate label.)

Renewing? Check the box below and be sure your mailing label address is correct.

Listing/Unlisting service? Occasionally we make our mailing list available to other Time Inc. divisions and reputable organizations whose products or services may be of interest to you. If you prefer to have your name added or removed from this list, check the appropriate box below and attach your mailing label.

**Please send Sports Illustrated
for 1 year at \$41.**

☐ New subscription	☐ Renewal
☐ Payment enclosed	☐ Bill me later
☐ Please add my name to your mailing list	
☐ Please remove my name from your mailing list	

Name _____

Address _____

Apt. No. _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Area code _____

For own home service, please telephone _____

1-800-421-8290 (in Illinois, 1-800-972-8362)

Mail to: Sports Illustrated, 1675 Broadway, New York, New York 10019

Chicago, Illinois 60611. Subscriptions price in the U.S. Puerto Rico and the Caribbean Islands \$41 a year. All others \$45 a year.

© 1983

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



JOHN UNDERWOOD: HE'S GOT CONSCIENCE

Considering that John Underwood has written articles on athletic shoe company payoffs, various abuses in college athletics, shady dealings in sports-arena concessions, football violence and, most recently, in collaboration with former NFL player Don Reese, the use of drugs in pro football, SI readers may easily have concluded that Underwood is some kind of armchair carmudgeon. Not so. "I'd rather go fishing with Ted Williams or hunting with my son and write about that any day," Underwood says. Attesting to this love of sport are his two most recent SI pieces, a reminiscence about Bear Bryant in our last issue and this week's report (pages 58-70) on Notre Dame's athletic program, which Underwood admires more for its success in turning out educated athletes than for its victories.

"Bryant represents the character traits that make a champion," says Underwood, "and I feel Notre Dame is a fine example for sport. Father (Edmund P.) Joyce, Notre Dame's executive vice-president, completely opened up the school for me. And though I criti-

cize Father (Theodore M.) Hesburgh, the president, for saying, unrealistically, that Notre Dame football is 'only a game,' I think other schools should swallow that statement and digest it. Hesburgh and Joyce represent good, strong, enduring, effective leadership—the best thing that a college sports program can have."

But Underwood's most recent stories don't mean he has gone soft. "We still need a conscience of sport," he says, "and I think it should be SI."

In that case, Underwood is the conscience of the profession. His feelings are contained in the title of his latest book, *Spoiled Sport*, which will be published next fall by Little, Brown. "Sport is too good to be left to publicists and bottom-line entrepreneurs and league presidents," he says. "When its image is tarnished by brutality and corruption, it needs to be looked into."

"And I'm afraid things have gotten worse, primarily because of the influence of the professionals. I heard a hockey player at a Congressional hearing say he'd never seen a fight before he became a pro. The Congressmen didn't get what he was saying, so I had to underline it. When he became a professional, he was required to brutalize the opposition."

"Fortunately, guys in the trenches, like Don Reese and Carl Eller, come forward. Unfortunately, labor-management disputes have alienated athletes from the owners and fans. It's easy to blame the players, but they are more victimized by the system than anybody. The National Football League draft is the most demeaning form of labor oppression I know. If we graduated from MIT with a degree in physics, how would we feel waiting to see if we got drafted by Dow Chemical?"

"I'm more hopeful about the colleges. They make plenty of mistakes, but they often also represent the best intentions in sport, and we can look to them for our priorities."

Philip D. Howard

Sports Illustrated



It's a wonderful world!

Nobody has ever been able to say what sport is, quite.

But life would hardly be the same without it. Perhaps that's because sport means a number of opposite things.

It means fact and it means fancy. It is as tangible as a football and as intangible as a sunny afternoon, exciting as a photo finish, serene as ebb tide.

It is competition, composure, memory, anticipation. Sport is not all

things to all people. But today it is something in more different ways to more people than it has ever been before.

It is play for many and work for a few. It is what no one has to do and almost everyone wants to do. It represents, on the one hand, challenges willingly accepted—and on the other, gambits willingly declined.

Its colors are as bright as a cardinal's leathers; as soft as midnight on a mountain trail. It is as loud as a sta-

dium at the climax of a World Series—and as quiet as snow. It is exercise and rest. It is man exuberant and man content.

In America today, sport is not only a dream that lies over the rainbow. It is also an awakening that brings a family together—on a boat or beach, skiing weekend or camping trip.

Sport is a wonderful world.

Sports Illustrated
America's Sports Newsweekly.



The 1983 Mercedes-Benz 300 D Turbodiesel: America's best-performing diesel is also one of the world's most civilized sedans.

A diesel that loves hills and sprints away from stoplights... a sedan that laps up sports car roads. The 300 D Turbodiesel is both. Meanwhile, it coddles you and your passengers in that secure comfort unique to the automobiles of Mercedes-Benz.

Mercedes-Benz engineers have extracted more sheer power from the 300 D Turbodiesel Sedan's five-cylinder engine than any other engineers have yet extracted from any other passenger car diesel, huge domestic V-8's included.

Their secret was to couple an advanced engine design with a power-boosting turbocharger. Even other turbocharged diesels are left flatfooted, this spacious, solid, 3585-lb. five-passenger Mercedes-Benz sedan ranks as the best performer of any diesel automobile sold in America.

The 300 D Turbodiesel is meanwhile perhaps the most conscientious performance automobile in America, because it is so inherently efficient that EPA figures show 27 mpg city estimated and 33 highway.* An almost uncanny balance of power and frugality is thus struck.

So exotic is engine technology that the interior of each moving piston is constantly cooled by precisely timed jets of oil. But deep down this is still a diesel: a rugged, reliability-minded diesel that will never require a conventional tune-up.

Do not disturb

Over-the-road performance is superb. This means not only that the 300 D can swallow up roller-coaster back-country roads, and nip rather than lurch around corners—but that its occupants usually feel so *undisturbed* in the process.

Generations of Mercedes-Benz engineers have toiled since 1931 to develop, refine, and refine again the principle of four-wheel independent suspension that is primarily responsible.

These engineers have endowed the car with an exquisitely responsive steering mechanism, guided by 24 recirculating ball bearings. It feels



liquid-smooth and seemingly frictionless. The shift lever is mounted down on the transmission tunnel—but look again. The quadrant reads P-R-N-D-S-L. It is no mere automatic but a four-speed automatic, and is designed to serve equally well when shifted by hand. America's most advanced automotive braking system is four-wheel disc braking. An 11-inch disc brake is fitted to every wheel of every 300 D Turbodiesel Sedan.

Mercedes-Benz engineers care little if the outside world knows that total swept brake area is a massive 456.5 square inches, or that the 300 D's front suspension geometry is devised to help minimize front-end "nose diving" in hard stops. Their main concern is that the driver is better served by these and myriad other technical flourishes.

Designed, not decorated

Even when fully padded and finished, the interior of the 300 D's welded steel body shell measures almost five feet in width—sufficient to easily accommodate three adults in the rear seating area, for example. Electronic cruise control, AM/FM stereo radio/cassette player, automatic climate control system and electric window lifts—whatever conventional luxury sedans furnish by way of real conveniences, so does this sedan.

Garishness, however, is absent

The instrument panel is no entertainment center twinkling with gadgetry but an exercise in ergonomics, meant to ease the driver's task by simplifying it.

The engineers continuously strive to make driver controls fewer and less awkward to use, and so reduce driving complexity. Item: the single steering-column lever that lets you perform nine different driving functions—without taking your hands off the wheel.

Seats are not designed to look luxurious but to so support your body that you feel relaxed, even after an all-day drive.

Interior wood trim is genuine wood from the Mercedes-Benz shops, handworked and fitted and finished. A small thing, but it epitomizes this car's unremitting honesty of character—as its 120 built-in safety features epitomize its seriousness of character.

The luxury of retained value

The 300 D Turbodiesel boasts a final and powerful distinction. As a Mercedes-Benz, it shares a name so coveted by American buyers today that after the first three years, the entire Mercedes-Benz line—not just a few isolated models—has been shown to retain an average of 84 percent of original value.

If retained value is a form of luxury, then perhaps the 300 D Turbodiesel is, after all, a luxury car.

*EPA estimate for comparison purposes. The mileage you get may vary with trip length, speed and weather. Actual highway mileage will probably be less.

©1982 Mercedes-Benz N.A. Inc. Mercedes N.A.



Engineered like no other car in the world

There's only one way to play it...



Wherever the music
is hot, the taste is KOOL.
Because there's only one
sensation this refreshing.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings, 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine; Lights, 14 mg. "tar",
1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '91.

© 1992 B&W T Co.

EDITED BY ROBERT W. GREAMER

PROPOSAL 71

The battle over which schools will be eligible to play Division I college basketball comes to a head on Jan. 10-12 in San Diego at the NCAA's annual convention. The NCAA Council, mostly representatives from major athletic powers, has warned that the "seemingly uncontrolled growth of Division I membership ... poses a threat to the continued successful operation of the association."

Indeed, since 1974 the Division I membership in basketball has increased by 40 schools to a total of 277. To reverse this pattern, the NCAA leaders are backing Proposal 71, which redefines eligibility for Division I. Under Proposal 71, to gain or retain membership in the division, a college that doesn't play Division I football would have to meet all the following criteria:

- Sponsor at least eight Division I varsity sports for men;
- Play not more than four basketball games against non-Division I teams;
- Average more than 3,500 per game in home paid attendance or average more than 110,000 in annual paid attendance;
- Award financial aid amounting to at least half the total permitted under NCAA rules geared to football, which means each school would have to give out at least 42½ athletic scholarships or the equivalent in cash grants, estimated at \$5,000 per grant. This works out to a minimum of \$212,500, a substantial sum for a small college. The NCAA permits a school to award only 15 men's basketball scholarships, so at non-football schools the remaining grants would presumably have to be doled out in the so-called minor sports.

There's a lot of opposition to Proposal 71—insiders estimated that as of last weekend the provision in its current form probably wouldn't pass—and not just among the 40 or so colleges that could conceivably be forced out of Division I (among them the likes of Fordham, Loyola of Chicago, Pepperdine, Creighton, Niagara, North Carolina-Charlotte, Alabama-Birmingham and the entire membership of the Trans America Athletic Conference). Officials at such schools feel they are on a hit list. Basketball is a big sport at many of these institutions, some of which have been playing

the game at the highest level for 50 years or more, but maintaining seven other varsity sports is economically unfeasible for a lot of them. A good number of these colleges don't have basketball arenas large enough to meet Proposal 71's home-attendance requirement. Many of the lesser Division I schools (as well as some of the prominent ones) play a mix of Division I and non-Division I teams, and confining their schedules to all of one or all of the other would be difficult and undesirable.

And most of the lesser schools, particularly those that don't play football, resent the number of scholarships or grants they'd be obliged to hand out. "It's totally unfair to make a judgment on basketball based on a football program," says Pat Malley, athletic director and football coach at Santa Clara.

Fred Cooper, who is the Assistant to the President for Athletics at Florida's Stetson University, says, indignantly, "The most strident arguments in favor of such things as [Proposal 71] are made by people who do not have to cope with budget problems. They have no knowledge of budgets. They have all sorts of funding, and it's the poor taxpayers who pick up the bill."

The proposal would also, in effect, reserve a larger share of basketball TV revenues and NCAA tournament berths for the biggest conferences, which already receive an overwhelming proportion of each. As hard as it may be to believe, some members of leagues like the Big Ten and ACC actually find it unfair when their fourth- or fifth-place finisher doesn't get into the NCAAAs because a spot must be reserved for the champion of a lesser conference.

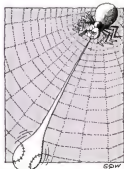
Proposal 71 also overlooks the special role that basketball, a sport requiring few players and a relatively small budget, can fill at some colleges. For example, Marquette, which dropped football and put all its eggs in one basket, so to speak, won the 1977 NCAA championship. Indiana State was an obscure college until Larry Bird almost led it to the NCAA title in 1979. "One of the things the major schools don't understand," says Bucky Wagner, the athletic director at Georgia Southern, "is that we have a dream. If you look at the NCAA tournament, the

small schools almost never play in the championship game. They never advance much past the first round. But you're giving us a dream. Maybe we can go to the Final Four. Maybe we can be a Cinderella. That's what all of our programs are built on."

NOW PITCHING: LEFTY ARACHNID

The great Dizzy Dean, who won 30 games in 1934, is in baseball's Hall of Fame, which should be proof enough that he was an extraordinary pitcher. Just in case it isn't, here's one more tidbit to show that Old Diz was something special: He's the only pitcher in all the long history of the major leagues to have a spider named after him.

The little creature is called *Mastrophora dizzydeani*, and it was awarded that label because of its ability to hurl



things with remarkable effectiveness. What it throws are globules of liquid—Dean himself never had to resort to the wet one—but, unlike Diz, it doesn't try to fog its deliveries past opposing batters, otherwise known as moths. Instead, *Mastrophora* beams its opponent, another practice Dean rarely resorted to, with the sticky glob at the end of a silk line, reels in the moth for dinner and chalks up one more in the win column.

You don't get stuff like this in *The Baseball Encyclopedia*.

continued



SEARS BIGGEST AUTOMOTIVE SALE EVER



SEARS WEATHERWISE ALL SEASON RADIAL

SAVE 25%
42,000 MILE WARRANTY

As low as \$44.99. Plus \$1.79 federal excise tax on tire size P155/80 R12 whitewall. For excellent year round performance you'll want the WeatherWise all-season steel-belted radial. There's no need to change to snow tires in the winter anymore. And it has a limited warranty against tread wearout for 42,000 miles. For 42,000 miles Sears will replace the tire or give a refund (charging only for the miles used). On sale thru January 29, 1983.



SEARS 55 BATTERY. SAVE *15%!

ONLY \$49.99
WITH TRADE IN

Next to the DieHard®, we don't sell a more powerful battery than the Sears 55. On sale while quantities last.

*Price off 1982 Fall General Catalog

Minimum savings national \$1



SEARS MUZZLER
MUEELER. SAVE \$5.

ONLY \$19⁹⁹ INSTALLED

Warranted for as long as you own the car on which it was installed. If it ever fails it will be replaced free. And if Sears installed the muzzler a new one will be installed free.

Single element models available. Sears is not responsible for any damage to the engine or other parts of the car caused by the use of this product. Installation and removal of the muzzler is not covered by the warranty.

**TWO-WHEEL
BRAKE JOB.
SAVE \$10.**

**ONLY
\$59⁹⁹**



We'll give your brakes a thorough inspection and write an estimate for any work you need. Then Sears can fix your brakes that day or the next Sears working day. Our brake service is available for most cars. On sale January 2 thru 15, 1983.

**SEARS 10/50 BATTERY
STARTER/CHARGER.
SAVE \$20**

ONLY \$34⁹⁹

WILL BE \$54.99 AFTER JANUARY 15, 1983.

For dependable performance, you'll want this battery starter/charger with a 10-amp battery charger, and a 50-amp engine start capability. On sale December 26, 1982 thru January 15, 1983.



**SPECIAL PURCHASE
BOOSTER CABLES.**

ONLY \$9⁹⁹

These 14-ft. cables are made with 8-gauge copper wire and stay flexible to -40°.
Available January 2, 1983 while quantities last.

Some car parts may require special purchase through our retail outlets in an emergency situation.

**SEARS WHEEL BATTERY
STARTER/CHARGER. SAVE \$50.**

ONLY \$99⁹⁹

WILL BE \$149.99 AFTER JANUARY 15, 1983.

This versatile starter/charger helps crank stubborn engines on the spot, and charges the average battery in less than one hour. It has a 40-amp battery charger and a 225-amp engine start capability. On sale December 26, 1982 thru January 15, 1983.

sears



SEARS HEAVY DUTY SHOCKS.

**ONLY \$8⁸⁸
INSTALLED**

Designed to provide 40% more control area than most original equipment shocks. Regular price as low as \$9.99 installed. On sale January 2 thru 15, 1983.



**SAVE \$20
MAC PHERSON
CARTRIDGES.**

**ONLY
\$89⁸⁸ A PAIR INSTALLED**

Replace shock absorber portion of strut assemblies on Datsun, Toyota, Honda, VW and other imports. Rear cartridge installation extra. On sale January 2 thru 22, 1983.

GRABY BOWL

Although it's widely known that most college conferences have an arrangement whereby all members get a cut from revenue earned at a football bowl game in which any conference member plays, the extent to which league schools benefit—especially in this age of proliferating bowls—is rarely publicized.

To that end, Jerry Izenberg of Newark's *Star-Ledger* recently did an accounting of the bowl income that will accrue this season to Kentucky, which had a record of 0-10-1. Of the 10 teams in the SEC, of which Kentucky is a member, seven went to bowls: Georgia (Sugar), LSU (Orange), Florida (Bluebonnet), Tennessee (Peach), Vanderbilt (Hall of Fame), Alabama (Liberty) and Auburn (Tangerine). Each of these teams gets to keep a good chunk of the money it earns from its bowl appearance (usually 30%, although the figure varies for the less lucrative bowls), the conference gets a somewhat smaller cut and the remainder is split evenly among the other nine schools—including those that played in other bowls and those that didn't play in any, like Kentucky.

Under this arrangement the Wildcats will earn an estimated \$230,000, despite their winless record. That's nice work if you can't get it.

THE ZB SYSTEM

Zbigniew Brzezinski may be known to the world as the man who was President Carter's national security adviser, but to friends and acquaintances he's also known as something of a tennis nut, or at least as a man who's fascinated by the game and who thinks about it a great deal. While traveling recently, Brzezinski ran into Billy Talbert, the old doubles star and ex-Davis Cup captain, and outlined a tennis handicap system he had devised. Talbert was impressed by it and said people ought to be told about it. Here's Brzezinski telling us (and you) how his idea works:

"My handicap system adjusts itself to your play and to that of your opponent. It moves up and down with the flow of play, compensating for the inferior player's initial hesitation, putting the better player under increasing pressure as the handicap changes. It helps the poorer player gain confidence, and at crucial times it demands the very best from the better player.

"The ZB Handicap System is very simple. Assume you are playing an opponent you haven't faced before, but you know she—let's say it's a she—is better than you. But by how much? The first game is scored normally, and you lose. She leads 1-0.

"In the next game, all you must do to win is reach 40. Even if it's at deuce, if you reach 40 the game is yours. But let's assume your opponent is so much better than you that you have reached only 30 or less by the time she has won the game. The score is now 2-0 in her favor.

"In the next game, all you need to win is 30. Even if she's leading 40-15, the game is yours if you get the next point. Let's assume you pull it off, and the score is now 2-1. Because you won the last game at 30, to win the next one you'll have to reach 40 again. Your handicap has been toughened by a step. Assume she wins again—and leads 3-1. Your handicap shifts a notch in your favor: Again, all you need to win the game is 30. But let's say you're rattled, and she wins again. Her lead mounts to 4-1.

"Now your handicap becomes more one-sided. All you need is 15—just one winning shot on your part or one error on hers. Now she's under pressure because she has to win at love. This gives you every incentive to go for winners, because you need only one. Assume you get it—the score is now 4-2.

"You move up to 30 again, one notch higher, but your confidence is up, too. You need only two good shots this time, and let's assume you get them. It's 4-3, and you're still in contention for the set.

"In brief, the handicap system moves up and down, one step at a time. Moreover, if you lose a set, the next set begins with your handicap determined by the last game of the previous set. This means that in the new set your opponent begins under greater pressure.

"Once you've played a stronger opponent and know how much better she (or he) is, you can start the match with the handicap at a mutually agreed upon level. For example, the first game can be yours if you reach 30, or even 15; after that you move up and down the scale, depending on how the match unfolds.

"I've used this system against much better players than I, and I've found it makes for a genuine match. It's fun to see how even the most confident player begins to tighten up when it's necessary to win a game at love and how quickly you

gain the confidence to win a game with that handicap—and then the confidence to win at 30 and 40.

"In this system, both players are genuinely challenged to play to win. Try it. You'll see."

HELLO AND GOODBYE

It's time once again to update Miami University's list of departed football coaches now that Tom Reed has left to take over at North Carolina State. The Oxford, Ohio institution, which keeps losing its coaches to bigger football powers, gets a measure of consolation by calling itself the Cradle of Coaches, and with good reason. It hasn't fired a football coach in more than 40 years, yet it has had to say goodbye to:

Stu Holcomb, who became head man at Purdue; Sid Gillman, who was one of pro football's most influential head coaches with the Rams, the Chargers and the Oilers; Woody Hayes, who moved to Ohio State and became a legend; Ara Parseghian, who went to Northwestern and then on to Rockne-esque stature at Notre Dame; John Pont, who coached at Yale, Indiana and Northwestern; Bo Schembechler, who at Michigan became Hayes's great rival; Bill Mallory, who went on to Colorado and Northern Illinois; Dick Crum, who has guided North Carolina to bowl victories in each of the last four seasons; and now Reed.

In 42 seasons Miami has had only three losing years: 3-6 in 1942 under Holcomb, 3-8 in 1976 under Crum; and 5-6 in 1980 under Reed. Despite that history of excellence Miami partisans chafe and moan like football fans everywhere. Reed was 7-4 this season, and the four defeats rankled some undergraduates who chalked a message on blackboards in classrooms all over the campus: **START A NEW TRADITION: FIRE REED!**

Well, Reed has gone, of his own volition, and now Athletic Director Dick Shrider is busy looking through a grab bag of candidates, hoping to find somebody else good enough to say goodbye to in a few years.

THEY SAID IT

• Bobby Knight, Indiana's basketball coach, asked at a luncheon what part of coaching he liked best: "Dealing with the press. After the demands of a game, my mind needs a rest."

Regular, 1 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '81.

© 1989 B&W T Co.



The pleasure is back.
BARCLAY

99% tar free.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

But How 'Bout Them Lions?

Penn State's defeat of Georgia ended a long quest for a national title **by JOHN PAPANÉK**

The young man, 6 feet tall, 235 pounds and black, ambled down Bourbon Street, which was packed to the saloonfronts with postmidnight revelers dressed in assorted shades of red or blue, most of them drinking jet fuel from plastic cups and arguing the results of a football game that wouldn't be played for three days.

The din was frightful. From one side of the street, a blue-clad mob alternated calling and responding: "We are . . ."

"... Penn State!"

From the other side, a rolling red tide put the question: "How 'bout them Dawgs?"

And made its own obvious response: "How 'bout them Dawgs!"

The young man watched and walked in quiet awe, until a celebrant recognized him as being one of the football players responsible for all the commotion.

"Hey! What's your name?" the somewhat unsteady man asked the athlete.

"Walker," was the reply.

continued

The night's most spectacular performer, **Laugh** busts a punt return for 66 yards.







Penn State struck quickly, Warner scooting in from the two with only 2:51 elapsed.

BOWL GAMES *continued*

The man checked him out. "Your name's Walker?"

"Yeah, Walker."

A crowd gathered.

"You're not Walker," said a new voice.

"Yes I am. I'm Walker."

"Now, you're not. You're not Herschel Walker."

"No, I'm Walker Lee Ashley. From Penn State. You'll be hearing about me."

The crowd dispersed.

Amid the incessant woofs of humans imitating bulldogs and the roars of proud Pennsylvanians who had painted their faces with blue lions' paws, the word most often heard throughout New Orleans all week long before Saturday's Sugar Bowl game was Walker, Walker, Walker. The thousands of Georgia fans took it as gospel that Herschel Walker, the Bulldogs' Heisman Trophy-winning junior tailback, was unstoppable, a man among boys—and little else mattered. In the 35 games Walker had played for Georgia, the Bulldogs had won 33 and lost two, both of them a season ago, sandwiched between two undefeated campaigns—the first culminating in a national championship with a win over Notre Dame in the '81 Sugar Bowl, the latest dawggone sure to wind up with another Sugar Bowl victory and another title.

Penn State had other ideas. When the Nittany Lions had won, 27-23, and the wooing had finally stopped, members of the Penn State band ringing the Lions' bus outside the Superdome chanted "Walker Lee! Walker Lee!" for their hero's defensive end, while the other Walker skulked off nearly unnoticed into the darkness, his pride and his right shoulder somewhat out of joint from the beating he had taken.

Inside the Dome during the preceding hours a great football game had been played, only the sixth postseason match-up of a No. 1 team (Georgia) and a No. 2 team (Penn State) since the Associated Press Poll began in 1936.

Earlier in the week in response to a remark by Ashley that Penn State was go-

ing to "make Herschel mighty sore," Walker had said, "Talk is cheap. If everyone got paid for talking we'd have a lot of rich people in the world." And then Herschel went right on talking.

"A lot of people look forward to tackling me," he said, "if I was a defensive player, I'd look forward to tackling myself. I can dish out more punishment than a defensive guy can dish out on me."

The record certainly substantiated Walker's claim, solidly enough to keep Coach Joe Paterno, in search of his first national championship in 17 years as head coach at Penn State, fretting and squirming right up until kickoff time, then restlessly pacing the sideline until



Warner's second touchdown, on a nifty nine-yard cutback, made the score 17-3.

the game was over. A friend invited into the Nittany Lions' locker room before the opening kickoff tried to ease Paterno's obvious tension by asking him what he thought Herschel might do on his first few carries. "Hey, are you kidding?" said Paterno. "If we knew that we wouldn't be sitting here fidgeting."

As it turned out, Penn State knew exactly what Walker was going to do, and how to stop him. In the Sugar Bowl the Lions unfolded what they call the "Magic Defense"—as in "now you see it, now you don't." Linemen and linebackers shifted into various configurations, sometimes showing an eight-man front, sometimes a five or a six. They switched from nose to gap alignments, and at times as few as two defenders got down into a four-point stance, forcing the Georgia linemen to recalculate their timing and blocking angles while trying to remember their assignments and the count.

A year ago in the Fiesta Bowl, the Magic Defense held Heisman Trophy-winner Marcus Allen to 85 yards rushing, 127.9 below his season average. In one of its biggest victories this season, Penn State held Nebraska's Mike Rozier to 86 yards, 52 below his average. "It's called Magic," said Defensive Coordinator Jerry Sandusky, "because sometimes it is. Then again, sometimes it's not."

On Saturday it would face its toughest test in Walker. "He's gonna break tackles," said Sandusky. "You hit him low and he moves his feet. You hit him high and he'll knock you over with a forearm. It takes more than one man to get him. You get the first contact and then you have to have other people around." Practice was so intense that the Penn State players began feeling they were tackling Walker himself over and over again instead of freshmen Steve Smith and Euford Cooper, who took turns playing Herschel. "Smith really had Herschel down, the cutbacks, the moves, everything," said Linebacker Scott Radecic. "We nailed him and nailed him until he said, 'I'm tired of being Herschel Walker' and wanted to quit."

On Saturday, three prides



Walker Lee Ashley made a name for himself by riding herd on Walker, Herschel (34).

of Lions hit the real Walker hard and hit him often. The first wave, led by Ashley and Greg Gattuso up front, stripped away Walker's blocking and tried to keep his movements lateral—"east-west and not north-south," said Tackle Dave O'Farrell—and made the initial hit whenever possible. Radecic and the other punishing linebackers in the second wave tried to hold Walker up so that the third wave, led by Safety Mark Robinson, could complete the mission. Meanwhile, the Penn State defenders had to keep in mind that Georgia could go other ways if it had to—"only as a last resort." Bulldog

Coch Vince Dooley admitted before the game—to Fullback Chris McCarthy, for instance, or, if things got really tough, to the air via the arm of Quarterback John Lastinger.

The result? Walker was held to 107 yards on 28 carries, his lowest one-game output since his freshman season, with the exception of this season's opening game against Clemson in which Walker, nursing a broken thumb, was used mainly as a decoy. Moreover, Walker's longest run against Penn State was only 12 yards.

Except for the Clemson game, he had run at least once for 14 yards or more in every game of his career, going all the way back to his debut as an 18-year-old freshman.

"The defensive line did a great job of straining him out," said Safety Robinson. "A lot of times all I had to do was come up and just push him over."

And if you want to talk a little more magic, consider Penn State's offense. Because Georgia's greatest asset after Walker's running was its defensive secondary—it led the nation with 35 interceptions and had given up only six touchdowns through the air all year—and because its weakest link was a bruised

continued



Leg pains cramped Warner's style, but not his fighting spirit.

and battered defensive line, Dooley fully expected Paterno to first establish Penn State's running game with Tailback Curt Warner. Lion Quarterback Todd Blackledge was known to be a masterful passer, but Roverback Terry Hoage and Safety Jeff Sanchez, with 12 and nine interceptions respectively, had more thefts than all but 10 Division I-A teams. "We haven't stopped people on the ground, and Penn State will attack us there initially," Dooley said on Friday.

Abroad, said Paterno, turning Blackledge loose immediately. "I pulled Todd over the other day and said, 'Listen, baby. We know what got us here, and we're going to take it right to 'em,'" said Paterno. So much for fear of the Georgia secondary. Four quick completions set up a touchdown run by Warner from two yards out, 2:51 into the game. It was as though Dooley had been shot with a gun he never saw.

Allowing Blackledge time enough to look for two and three receivers was something Dooley had warned his defense against, and Blackledge, standing tall—6' 4"—in the pocket and flicking bullets at his leisure, turned the first half into a near rout. He completed nine of 16 passes for 160 yards, and by then the score was 20-3, 39 seconds before half-



With the Dawgs down, Lastinger put it up.

time. Georgia's punting game, another of Dooley's potential weapons, had been all but negated by returns of 66, 24 and 10 yards by junior Kevin Baugh (rhymes with wow), which helped set up Warner's second touchdown run, from nine yards out, and Nick Guncitano's two field goals (of 38 and 45 yards).

On film Georgia had only seen Penn State return punts right or left, but, for the Sugar Bowl, Defensive Secondary Coach John Rosenberg installed a middle return, which worked mainly because Baugh is fast and fearless and frustrated, stuck as he is as the No. 2 flanker behind Kenny Jackson, Penn State's leading receiver. "I don't get to touch the ball too many times, and I don't like to waste them," said Baugh.

Just before halftime Georgia came back from the brink. "They were about to run us out," said Dooley. So he sent Walker in to receive Massimo Manca's kickoff. Walker had been given such hazardous duty only twice all season; he was called on Saturday because the regular

return man—and backup tailback—Carmie Norris, had been suspended for breaking the team's 10:30 p.m. New Year's Eve curfew. After Manca kicked away from Walker—but out of bounds for a five-yard penalty—Walker surreptitiously changed sides with Keith Montgomery as Manca rekked. This time Walker helded the ball and returned it 23 yards. It was his most successful run of the game. Then Lastinger, given the go-ahead to start throwing for real rather than just to remind Penn State that other Georgia players besides Walker were permitted to advance the ball, connected with Flanker Herman Archie, who earlier had dropped two passes, at the Penn State 36. With Walker lined up as a flanker, Lastinger hit Split End Kevin Harris on a 16-yard out pattern. Harris caught the pass and lateraled to Walker, who was sweeping by at top speed. Walker ran 10 yards more before Robinson brought him down at the 10. Then Lastinger floated a lob to the left corner of the end zone and Archie hauled it in for a touchdown with five seconds left in the half.

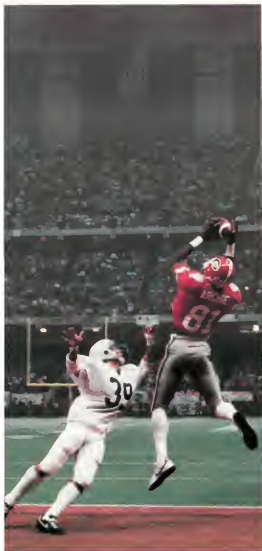
Dooley had lamented his offensive shortcomings, mentioning the inexperience of Lastinger, a quarterback for only one year in high school and Buck Belue's seldom-used backup at Georgia for three seasons. With Belue gone, Lastinger had a difficult year, completing just 41.9% of his passes for 82 yards per game, the lowest average in the Southeast Conference. "Over the past few years, we've had several big cannons in people like Walker, Belue and [Receiver] Lindsay Scott," Dooley said. "Now we're reduced to one cannon and several peashooters."

But Lastinger was to have his best game of the year, completing 12 of 27 for 166 yards. Early in the second half he engineered a 69-yard drive with two clutch completions for first downs to Harris on third-and-long and finished it off with a one-yard touchdown plunge by Walker to bring Georgia within three points at 20-17.

Now Penn State was clearly in trouble. Not only because, by blitzing or showing the blitz, Georgia was closing down the Penn State passing game, which on Saturday was geared for long-in-developing deep routes, but because Warner, who had been hit hard in the left leg in the second quarter, was once again suffering the leg cramps that have



Blackledge came out throwing against the redoubtable Bulldog defensive secondary.



Archie's leaping touchdown catch at the end of the first half boosted Georgia hopes.

plagued his career. After watching his close friend and roommate, Warner, hobble off the field in pain, Blackledge was twice sacked as Georgia stalled Penn State drives. Following his brilliant first half, Blackledge was suddenly, he says, "out of whack" through most of the second, being sacked more often (five times, all told) than in any other game this season and throwing a couple of balls to illusory targets.

After Robinson intercepted a Lastinger pass, his second of the game, as the third period drew to a close, Warner came back in to pick up 19 yards in two carries, then went limping off once more, again seeming to take a little piece of Blackledge with him. But Warner was back one play later and burst seven yards around left end for a first down at the Georgia 47. In the end he had outperformed a Heisman Trophy winner in a bowl game for the second straight year. Warner danced and darted for 117 yards and two touchdowns on only 18 carries, and caught two passes for 23 more yards.

"Sometimes you just have to forget the little bumps and bruises," Warner said. "It's a one shot deal. You're playing for a national championship maybe once in your life and you just have to play with pain."

With Warner hobbling off the field every couple of plays, then coming back in to break off big gainers, the Georgia defense seemed as confused as it had been at the start of the game. But at least that old Blackledge magic seemed to have vanished. He had completed but one pass, a screen, in the entire half. With 13 minutes remaining, Georgia was in two-deep coverage, with everybody else creeping up to play the run. Paterno sent in a play-action fake to Warner—six-43, they call it—with four receivers streaking toward the flags and the posts. "We felt most of the week that we could get something deep on them," said Blackledge. "Georgia had taken a lot of pride in not giving up any long passes. But they had played our receivers awfully tight, and I think they underestimated the speed of Jackson and [Gregg] Garrity."

Blackledge watched Garrity streak along the left sideline, giving a quick head and a hip to get a step on freshman Cornerback Tony Flack. "I pretty much just threw the ball as far as I could," said Blackledge. Which was 47 yards, because

continued

Garrity's fingers met the ball an instant after he launched himself off the ground, about six inches short of the goal line. He landed cleanly on the touchdown side and it was 27-17, Penn State.

Had Paterno been a bit more of a gambler, Penn State might have scored again. Midway through the fourth quarter, facing fourth-and-one at the Georgia 31, Paterno punted instead of trying a 48-yard field goal. It turned out to be a bad choice; the punt carrying into the end zone. No matter—or so it seemed—because the prospect of the national championship only steered the Lion defense. Ashley thought he had locked it up with a ferocious sack on Lastinger to force a punt with a little more than five minutes left. Only Baugh fumbled the catch—the Lions' only turnover of the game—on his own 43.

Lastinger struck quickly with first-down completions and then turned a near sack on third down into a cross-field touchdown pass to Clarence Kay, who beat Robinson in the end zone with 3:54 left in the game. Now trailing 27-23, Georgia, which could have tied only with a subsequent field goal, tried a two-point conversion. "A tie wasn't going to do either team any good," said Dooley. Who got the call was no surprise, nor from the way things had been going, who won the play: Walker Lee applied the first hit that kept Walker, Herschel, out of the end zone.

"I know Herschel wanted to do well, being the Heisman Trophy winner and all," said Robinson, "but I think he got discouraged as the game went on. I could see it in his eyes. Not fear, exactly, but discouragement."

Whatever hopes Georgia still had were snuffed out when Blackledge completed a pass to Garrity for a first down that allowed Penn State to run out the clock. Warner, in agony and exhausted, will forever remember the feeling he had when he knew the game was safe. "I looked up, and right then it hit me that we're the national champion. That this is what we've been playing for, and now we've got it."

Next, pandemonium. Fans, photographers and players from both teams

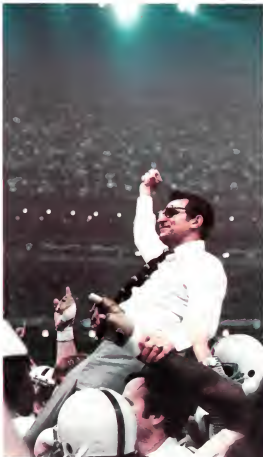
swarmed around Paterno, at one point knocking his glasses off. There simply cannot be another coach in America who deserves a national championship more than he, nor can there be any doubt about this Penn State team's championship credentials. "They are one of the three best teams I've seen in 19 years of coaching," said Dooley, the others being Nebraska of 1969 and Pittsburgh of 1976.

Still, Paterno insisted—"for the nine

thousandth time"—that in his mind, his undefeated teams of 1968, 1969 and 1973 were champions as well, even if they weren't voted to the top spot in the polls. "Being No. 1 is important to our fans and our kids, but not to me," he said. What about the playoff system for college football that Paterno has been advocating for years?

"Next year let there be a playoff," he said. "This year let's vote."

BYOD



The polls say it's so, Joe: after 17 years as Penn State head coach, the national title.

Cottoning On To No. 2, It's SMWho

by PAT PUTNAM

And then there was SMWho, a 7-3 victor over Pitt in a cold and damp Cotton Bowl, the only undefeated major-college team after Penn State's defeat of Georgia, but still the Rodney Dangerfield of football, knowing its chance to be voted national champion was just about nil. Seemingly the least ruffled by Penn State's anticipated rise to the top, which was confirmed on Sunday, was Bobby Collins, who had jumped into the pressure cooker as coach of the 1981 Southwest Conference champions after Ron Meyer had moved on to the New England Patriots last January. As Collins explained it, he had set definite goals for his '82 squad, and the national championship just didn't happen to be one of them. "Our goals were to defend the championship and to go to the Cotton Bowl," said Collins. "Before our final game with Arkansas we were 10-0, but we hadn't accomplished a single goal."

Trailing 17-10 in that game, SMU had scored a touchdown with 3:09 to play. Unhesitatingly, Collins ordered a one-point kick for a tie rather than going for two points and possible victory. "And I've never had a second thought about that decision," he said. "That tie gave us our two goals. And today we did what we had to do. We beat an excellent team in a major bowl."

Each team came into the Cotton Bowl with potent offensive weapons, which were relatively unfamiliar to the other. For Pittsburgh, it was Quarterback Dan Marino throwing behind a line that looked as though it once might have been a chunk of the Blue Ridge Mountains. In the run-oriented SWC, the SMU defense was experienced in stopping people coming at them, not over them.

The Pittsburgh defense was on equally foreign turf. Except for a brief look shown them by Florida State early in the

season, the Panther defenders had no experience against the option offense. Now they faced the SMU option executed by Quarterback Lance McIlhenny and his alternating senior tailbacks, Eric Dickerson and Craig James, the famed Pony Express. Together, Dickerson and James had rushed for 2,631 yards and 21 touchdowns this season.

As the teams squared off, the Mustangs discovered that Panther Coach Foge Fazio had redesigned his offense. Abandoning its I formation, Pitt set up with only one back behind Marino and the fullback perched wide on one of the flanks. The strategy gave Marino the luxury of having four receivers with whom to flood SMU's half-man-on-man, half-deep-zone-secondary coverage, at the expense of requiring the big Pitt offensive line to hold its blocks longer. In just nine plays, including a daring 12-yard run by Rick Dukovich, a safety, from punt formation, Pitt muscled its way to the Mustang one.

From there a straight, uncomplicated dive by Fullback Joe McCall was ordered. But McCall never got a firm grip on the handoff from Marino and the ball

bounded away into the embrace of SMU's Wes Hopkins at the two.

Pittsburgh had worked for two weeks on six defenses to stop the SMU option, but mostly it relied on Cover 7, designed to force the Mustangs to run everything inside. "Our primary concern is to stop the pitch man and to force McIlhenny to run the ball," said Charlie Bailey, Pitt's defensive coordinator. "Then we'll unload on him, punish him."

SMU countered with its Power I, a variant of the normal option formation that unites Dickerson and James in the same backfield with one just off the I as the powerback. The Mustangs had worked on the formation all season, but they had saved it for their seventh game, against Texas, which they won 30-17. Then they poked it away until the Cotton Bowl.

Pitt wasn't surprised. Peep Short, the strong safety, simply played the power back as though he were a tight end. And on SMU's first possession, the very physical Panthers introduced the Mustangs, who had played the entire season within the borders of Texas, to another world of football. On SMU's initial drive, Pitt-

continued



Pitt's impressive opening drive came to naught when McCall (34) lost a handoff diving for a TD.



Leach latches on to a McIlhenny missile to set up the game's one—and winning—TD.

BOWL GAMES continued

burgh was flagged for four penalties, the first two for personal fouls against McIlhenny, the third for grabbing a face mask. Another personal foul would come a short time later.

Aided by the 40 yards stepped off by the officials, SMU went to the Pitt seven on a drive that ate up 9:25. But then, as McIlhenny turned to hand off to Dickerson, he and the ball were separated by Tim Lewis, and Jay Pelusi recovered for Pitt at the 15.

Yet another fumble, this one recovered by Short after a one-yard pass from McIlhenny to James, stopped an SMU drive at the Pitt 37. That came with 2:35 left in the half, and Marino, who had been besieged by the quick SMU pass rushers, finally got cranked up. Five passes advanced the ball to the SMU 10. With a fourth and two, Pitt brought in Eric Schubert, who hooked a 26-yard field-goal attempt wide to the left. Thus at the half, neither SMU, which had averaged 31 points a game, nor Pitt (29) had yet crossed the goal line.

During halftime Collins scrapped the option in favor of sprint draws. On defense, the cornermen were told to play more bump and man coverage. The Mus-

tangs wanted to force Marino to hold the ball an instant longer to give their rushers a better shot at him.

Schubert got a chance to redeem himself on Pitt's first possession of the second half. With Marino, under blitzing pressure, going to the short pass, the Panthers moved to the SMU 28. From there, Schubert was successful on a 43-yard field goal that put Pitt ahead 3-0.

SMU came right back, with two passes by McIlhenny to Split End Bobby Leach picking up 62 yards to the Pitt 20. The second was a work of art. "The play came down from the press box, and I almost vetoed it," said Collins. "It was near the end of the third quarter, and we were going to get the wind. But our offensive coordinator, Whitney Jordan, said they were playing us close and it would work."

The play Jordan suggested sent both Flanker

Gary Smith and Leach flying down the sidelines. McIlhenny faked a draw and then looked downfield for the Pitt safety. He saw that the safety had moved over to help cover the flanker. McIlhenny's pass hit Leach, a 9.3 sprinter, in full stride at the Pitt 20. "But I had got lost," said Leach. "I didn't know where the sideline was. It was such a good pass that I just tucked the ball away and went out of bounds. I wasn't going to make any fast moves and lose it." The play covered 42 yards.

Two runs by Dickerson gained nine yards, and then McIlhenny called 57, an option off left tackle. The pitch went to James, who ran two yards, saw a hole inside, tried a sharp cut and slipped down on the sleet-slickened artificial turf. "I could have got five more yards the direction I was going, but I saw a touchdown inside," James said. "When I slipped, all I could think was: Damn! Damn!"

Now McIlhenny called 56 Option, the same play to the right. "The first time, the Pitt defenders went after Lance, and I almost broke it," James said. "This time



With Pitt alerted to his ploys, McIlhenny took it in.

they were all on me." Seeing the pitch covered, McIlhenny turned inside, split between Pitt's Free Safety Tom Flynn and Linebacker Yogi Jones and went in. "I was the one faked out," said Flynn. "I had a crack at him, but I missed him by three feet."

Pitt had one more shot. With 13:43 to play, Marino drove the Panthers 67 yards on 12 plays to the SMU 7. He called for an alley-oop pass deep in the end zone for his Flanker Dwight Collins. As Marino dropped back, he found himself under pressure from blitzing Linebacker Clarence McDade and End Jerry Kovar. Marino broke far to his right and lofted a pass into the middle of the end zone. "I should have just thrown it away," he said later.

SMU's Hopkins saw the pass coming in his direction all the way, but as he stepped in for the interception the ball slipped between his gloved hands and ricocheted off his face mask into the grasp of fellow Safety Blane Smith. "I watched that ball all the way into my stomach," said Smith. "And all I thought was: Please let me hold on to it. I kept looking at that ball after I had fallen to the ground."

SMU had held Pitt to only three points, something no team had done since 1975, and would wind up second in the final national rankings. Ah well, the Mustangs got some respect.

ENR



Andrews' third-quarter touchdown made it 17-7, and UCLA kept the Wolverines at bay.

UCLA Rose To The Occasion

by CRAIG NEFF

Michigan has become our second-biggest rival, right behind USC." UCLA Fullback Frank Bruno said before the Bruins beat the Wolverines for the second time in 98 days, 24-14, in last Saturday's Rose Bowl game in Pasadena. Michigan had defeated UCLA 33-14 in last season's Bluebonnet Bowl, and the Bruins answered with a come-from-behind 31-27 victory at Ann Arbor on Sept. 25. "We've gotten to know each other real well," said UCLA Noseguard Karl Morgan.

"Yeah, there are some things in the back of our minds," Bruin Quarterback Tom Ramsey said, "things that aren't easy to forget." Like the Bluebonnet Bowl, when UCLA Coach Terry Donahue and Michigan Coach Bo Schembechler jawed at each other before the game had even started because Schembechler had convinced Bluebonnet officials not to use a 25-second play clock. That game had ended with UCLA com-

plaining that Bo had run up the score.

Relations between the two teams deteriorated further in the September rematch when Bruin players were summoned from their dressing room after leaving the field at halftime because Schembechler had called a time-out with one second left. One second was all it took the Wolverines' Ali Haji-Sheikh to kick a 47-yard field goal and increase Michigan's lead to 24-14. When Dona-

continued

hue began giving the referees an earful about the whole matter, Schembechler reportedly ran past and screamed, "That's three more points, Terry!" The Bruins came back to win, and Donahue gloated a little.

"They beat us, and immediately we were dropped into nowhere land," said Michigan Quarterback Steve Smith. The Wolverines had to win seven straight before losing to Ohio State for an 8-3 finish to creep back to 17th in any major poll. Declared Schembechler on Wednesday before the Rose Bowl, "We are going to win this football game."

The Wolverines, however, were snakebitten. Tackle Rich Strenger went down on their third play from scrimmage with torn ligaments in his left knee. A more devastating injury came midway through the second quarter, with UCLA leading 7-0 after a one-yard TD plunge by Ramsey. On a trap option, one of the few new plays Michigan had added for the game, Smith carried the ball around left end for eight yards. "The play worked," Schembechler joked later. "It got all the way to the safety." Bruin Safe-

ty Don Rogers leveled Smith with a brutal blindside hit at the Michigan 26, separating Smith's right shoulder and putting him in street clothes. Moments earlier, Rogers had intercepted a Smith pass at the UCLA 12 to kill Michigan's only scoring threat of the first half. "I just try to be the maker of the big play," says Rogers, who picked up his sledgehammer tackling style from former UCLA Safety Kenny Easley, now with the Seattle Seahawks.

The Wolverines replaced Smith with Dave Hall, a junior too inexperienced to run their option attack. And, as Donahue said later, "If you control the Michigan option game the rest is just regular football." The swarming Bruin defense was almost making Anthony Carter, the Wolverines' three-time All-America receiver, appear mortal. Carter's two end-around runs lost three yards. The longest of his five pass receptions was good for 15. His one attempted pass fell incomplete.

Even worse, when Michigan tried to block a punt near the UCLA goal line shortly before halftime, Carter, rather than make a fair catch as Schembechler had instructed, attempted to field the kick in mid-stride and dash off with it. "I tried to catch 'em off guard," Carter said later. UCLA Center Dan Dufour forced A.C. to fumble and Mike Durden recovered at the Michigan

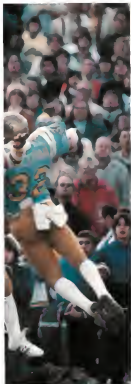
Rogers' shoulder (left) didn't knock Smith out, but it sure put him down and out.



47. Seven plays later, Korean-born John Lee kicked a 39-yard field goal to put UCLA up 10-0 at halftime.

While the Bruins were making the most of their first Rose Bowl appearance since 1976, they were still rather stunned to be playing at all on New Year's Day. Despite their 9-1-1 regular-season record and No. 5 national ranking, they had fully expected to play Maryland in the Dec. 25 Aloha Bowl in Honolulu. But upset defeats dealt to both Washington (Nov. 20) and Arizona State (on Thanksgiving weekend) had handed UCLA the Pac-10 title, and the 38-year-old Donahue, in his seventh year as the team's coach, had immediately refocused on Michigan. He had reason to be confident.

First, the Rose Bowl would be on UCLA's home field; the Bruins moved to Pasadena this fall to escape the L.A. Col-



With Lupe Sanchez (21) and Tom Sullivan sandwiching, Carter had double trouble.

iseum, which the UCLA administration felt had given them short shrift in favor of the L.A. Raiders, and were unbeaten in six games there. Second, before Saturday's game, Pac-10 teams had won 11 of the last 13 Rose Bowls. Further, UCLA had developed a solid running attack to complement the formidable passing game that Offensive Coordinator Homer Smith had devised. Toward that end, Donahue had shifted 6'6", 264-pound senior Iv Eatin', an honorable mention All-America defensive tackle last season, to offensive tackle and had installed Danny Andrews, a quick sophomore, at tailback. Andrews' 42 yards rushing, along with Kevin Nelson's 48 and Frank Cephus' 46, helped UCLA accrue 181 rushing yards Saturday, 140 more than it

had amassed at Ann Arbor in September.

However, as the third quarter began, Michigan suddenly took control. Hall ended a 45-yard Wolverine drive by flipping a one-yard touchdown pass to Fullback Eddie Garrett; the Bruins' lead was now 10-7. Yet on the very next series, Ramsey, who had completed his first seven passes and then lost his touch, found it again.

Ramsey, a senior, showed why he had come in seventh in the Heisman Trophy balloting and had shared Pac-10 Player of the Year honors with the more renowned John Elway of Stanford. He scrambled for 20 yards, completed four of five passes, taking his team from its own 20 to the Michigan nine in 12 plays, then handed the ball to Andrews, who swept right and dove into the corner of the end zone. Ramsey's final passing stats—18 of 25 for a mere 162 yards—wouldn't fully reflect what might well

have been his greatest performance.

Whatever bopes the Wolverines had disappeared when Hall was forced to drop back into his own end zone and threw the ball directly to Bruin inside Linebacker Blanchard Montgomery, who loped 11 yards for a touchdown; UCLA led 24-7 with 8:08 to play. "You yank a kid off the bench and tell him to win the Rose Bowl for you," Schembechler said later. "It's tough." Hall hit Fullback Dan Rice on a four-yard pass to make it 26-14, but his final throw was intercepted by Jimmy Turner.

"Michigan ain't ———!" hooted one of the Bruins after the game. But most of his teammates were more generous. They'd love a rematch in Pasadena any Jan. 1, they said. And when Carter was asked to rate the Bruins, he was generous, too—up to a point. "I'd say they're about a 9½," he said. That left just enough room for disagreement. SND

Squeezing It Out In The Orange

by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

There's a sign in one of the University of Nebraska football offices that reads: I KNOW I'M SOMEBODY 'CAUSE GOD DON'T MAKE NO JUNK. Yet for most of a chaotic Saturday night in the Orange Bowl in Miami it seemed that God had made a whole lot of junk, lumped it together, painted it red and white and called it the Nebraska football team.

All the Huskers did against LSU was fumble four times (and fail to recover any of them); see their quarterback, Turner Gill, who had only three interceptions all year, throw two passes to guys in purple and gold jerseys; try a fake punt and mess it up; try a fake field goal and mess it up; and generally watch their best-in-the-nation offense, which had averaged 41.1 points a game, go clunk in the night.

Oh yes, Nebraska won 21-20. But even Husker Coach Tom Osborne confessed afterward, "Any time you have six turnovers against a good football team, you have to expect you're going to get beat." Thus, while the Huskers richly deserved to lose, in the end their courage and tenacity carried them to victory and a 12-1 record.

By playing so poorly but winning, Ne-

braska may have demonstrated in a perverse way how good it really is. In fact, one afternoon several days before the game, LSU Coach Jerry Stovall was riding toward the Orange Bowl, and when it came into view, he said, with enthusiasm, "We're going to whip 'em." When a companion asked how, Stovall said, with considerably less élan, "I don't have the foggiest idea." As it turned out, the Huskers' ineptitude would be Stovall's ticket. And after the game, in the shadows of the proud bowl, Stovall lamented, correctly, "We aren't as good as they are, but we should have beaten them."

While the game turned out to be exciting at the finish, the quality of play wasn't very high, which was fitting because it just wasn't Miami's week. Civil disturbances erupted in the shum of Overtown, less than two miles from the Orange Bowl, following the fatal shooting, by a policeman, on Dec. 28 of a black youth in a video arcade, and the unrest undoubtedly contributed to an attendance of only 54,407, the smallest crowd since the 1947 Orange Bowl. No-shows totaled 14,306 on a perfect night, with temperatures in the high 70s. Too, the

continued

matchup of Nebraska, which had blown its national championship hopes by losing to Penn State, and LSU, which had been beaten by mediocre Tulane and Mississippi State, didn't generate much excitement. Even Nebraska fans, who normally would travel across the Alps on elephants to see their team, bought only about 10,000 of the 12,500 allotted Orange Bowl tickets. In fairness, earlier in

after Nebraska was penalized for roughing the holder. Two plays later, LSU Quarterback Alan Risher threw an interception, and the Tigers had no points instead of three.

But on the very next play, Mike Rozier, the Huskers' brilliant junior running back, fumbled, and within three minutes LSU's sensational freshman, Dalton Hilliard, ran in from the one to tie the game

again, thanks mainly to a 29-yard reception by Fryar. Gill blasted it in from the one to put Nebraska up 21-17.

But LSU Linebacker Lawrence Williams intercepted another Gill pass, and with 5:05 left Betanzos kicked a 49-yarder. Nebraska 21, LSU 20.

The night's most significant play came with 1:23 left and the Huskers facing a third and eight on the LSU 37. If they hadn't made it, the Tigers would have gotten the ball and might have been able to move into position for Betanzos to boot a field goal for an LSU victory. But Gill called Weak Left 79, 9 Delay, Flare Right. Fryar slanted in and then cut toward the right sideline, and Gill hit him. First down on the 24. "I didn't even know it was third down," Fryar said. "But I do know that when the ball is in the air, it's mine."

Still, while the ball belonged to Fryar and the game to Nebraska, LSU wasn't too upset. After all, in 1981 the Tigers were 3-7-1, their worst record in 25 years, and Seavall seemed to be on the way out. Thanks to Risher (who ended his career with 22 school records, some of which had been held by Bert Jones and Y.A. Tittle), the Tiger Tykes (Hilliard, who caught passes for 82 yards, and another freshman star who was troubled Saturday by a hamstring, Tailback Garry James) and few injuries (20 of 22 starters started all 12 games), LSU's 1982 souvenirs included an 8-3-1 record and a 20-10 thrashing of Alabama. And its near miss in Miami. Which isn't too shabby.

Meanwhile, Nebraska's Outland- and Lombardi trophy-winning Center Dave Rimington was admitting he hadn't had an award-winning night. "I've heard all these people tell me how good I am," he said. "Then people expect me to be as good as they said I was. And I'm not." He is, of course, plenty good enough, just like the Huskers, who proved that one man's junk is another man's treasure. **100**



Gill's quarterback keeper from a yard out in the fourth period put Nebraska up and over the top, 21-17.

the month a number of the Husker faithful had popped their financial corks traveling with the team to Honolulu for a game against Hawaii. Stovall had the most succinct answer to the question of this game's significance: "We'll be playing for a good deal of pride and for the same reason we all play football—the fun of it."

The game started just as she had been drawn on the chalkboard. LSU received, ran three futile plays and kicked. Nebraska then went 51 yards in six plays with nary a uniform being dirtied, the drive concluding when Fullback Mark Schellen crashed five yards for the score.

LSU moved the ball fitfully thereafter, finally scoring on a 35-yard field goal by Juan Betanzos, but the Tigers promptly gave back the points when they were awarded a first down on the Husker nine

7-7. Early in the second quarter, Nebraska Wingback Irving Fryar, the fastest Husker and one of the most dependable, inexplicably fumbled while returning a punt. LSU got it on the Nebraska 45, and nine plays later Hilliard again scored from a yard out.

Midway in the third quarter, Nebraska fumbled yet again, and Betanzos drilled a 28-yard field goal to make it 17-7. Suddenly LSU was on the verge of routing the Huskers; just as suddenly Nebraska turned steely. Gill, a junior who is the difference between Nebraska's being good and terrific, marched his team down the field. Rozier scored from 11 yards on a swing out that LSU had no chance of stopping, in fact, the Tiger defenders didn't seem to have so much as a clue as to where Rozier was. At the start of the fourth quarter, the Huskers struck

Hertz introduces free gifts worth getting.

Now when you rent from Hertz, you can get the kind of top quality gifts you'd expect from #1. Like leather accessories from Cartier. And, with Hertz gives you so many different gifts to choose from.



1 Rental

Only Hertz gives you a choice of 7 free gifts for just one rental. You can walk away from our counter with a Pierre Cardin calculator or 6 Titeflex golf balls. Or send us the coupon you receive and we'll send you either a Cartier leather credit card holder, an autographed O.J. Simpson leather football from Wilson, a varsity plaid stadium blanket, a stuffed Koala bear, or two cans of Wilson tennis balls.

Or you can continue to save coupons given to you with each rental and redeem them for bigger gifts.

2 Rentals



Choose either a Cartier leather billfold, Wilson basketball, sports bag, Magnavox AM-FM radio, foldaway luggage carrier, 40 piece tool set, or Givensby umbrella.

3 Rentals



Choose either a Wilson soccerball, Emerson AM-FM portable radio, Pierre Cardin travel alarm clock, Reed & Barton silver-plated picture frame, Wilson AM-FM stereo receiver with headphones, or Fashion Club shoulder bag.

4 Rentals



Choose either a Cartier leather passport holder, Spalding racquetball set, Emerson AM-FM digital clock radio, Emerson portable cassette recorder, Kodak Tele-Stylo camera, or Fashion Club overnight bag.

5 Rentals



Choose either a Canon gelatin calculator, sports binoculars, AM-FM stereo cassette player with headphones, set of 4 Svend Jensen crystal beer mugs, GTE Solitare TV telephone with auto dial call back, or Fashion Club weekend bag.

6 Rentals



Choose either a Cartier leather and suede portfolio, 12" B&W RCA TV set, inflatable 2 man boat, Ansco 35mm camera, men's attache briefcase, men's or women's Chrono date watch, or Fashion Club carryon garment bag.

For complete details, call Hertz at 1-800-654-3131 or call your travel consultant. Available on rentals from January 1 through March 31, 1983 at all U.S. corporate airport, major downtown and participating licensee locations, for all compact or larger car classes. Not available on tour packages or special promotional rates.



#1 For Everyone.
For more information, call 1-800-654-3131.

© 1982 U.S. FRY OFF. © HERTZ SYSTEM INC.

ULTRA LIGHTS, 6 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
FILTER, 9 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '84.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

Setting your sights.

Once upon a time you were a master block-builder and your sand castles were voted best on the beach. It took more than a couple of years and a lot more work. But at last you've designed a building that's going to last.

You're tasting success and it sure tastes good.

*VANTAGE.
THE TASTE OF SUCCESS.*

*Great Taste
with Low Tar.
That's Success!*





PHOTOGRAPHS BY RONALD C. MODRA

RING, RING. Hello, I'm sorry. I can't come to the phone right now... and I hope you'll forgive me for the inconvenience. But if you'd like to leave a message, please do so at the tone. I'll be sure and get back to you as quickly as possible. Remember, at the tone. Thank you."

The tenor is sugar and spice and everything nice, and, no, Reggie Theus can't come to the phone right now because he's very, very busy. Almost two hours before a game with the New York Knicks, the Chicago Bulls' 6' 6½" guard is taping a television interview.

"Yes, the seven-game losing streak is tough but..."

After he gets dressed and shoots warmups, there's another interview.

"Well, we had a team meeting yesterday and I think..." Then yet another station collars Theus. "Tonight's game is important and I have a good feeling..."

It's easy to understand why Theus (rhymes with FREE-us) is in such demand. Since joining the Bulls four years ago out of the University of Nevada, Las Vegas, he has been the only glamorous member of what has been for the most part a drab Chicago team. In fact, Theus is so handsome, witty and urbane that he has come to be regarded by many women as a kind of matinee idol.



The publicity-conscious Theus will go a further piece to capture the fancy of the public.

Just kidding, folks. Theus believes in going beyond what he calls the "fairytale existence" of a pro athlete. Partly for that reason, he will be the subject of a documentary on Chicago's WBBM-TV scheduled to be shown on Jan. 22.

"He's so marketable on a mass-appeal basis," says Cindy Walker, the station's program director. "There's something about him that's very attractive to women but yet isn't too threatening to men. Whenever he walks through the station, people—not just women—fall out."

game this season, nine higher than his career average. In his four previous seasons, he had scored more than 30 points only 13 times; so far this year he has gotten 30 or more 10 times in 30 games, with five games of 40 points or more.

And beyond just scoring, Theus is finally having fun, whipping about the court with long-legged strides, his arms flailing, seemingly able to do anything he likes anytime he wants.

"I don't know what he did against New Jersey or Detroit, but he always exploded against us," says Westhead, who formerly coached the Los Angeles Lakers. "He could do so many things with the ball."

Chicago Is Bullish On Reggie T.

Now that the wraps are off Runnin' Reggie Theus, sports fans in the Windy City finally have some glamour to clamor for **by ANTHONY COTTON**

In the NBA, matinee idols perform mostly at night, which is why, after a 26-point game in a 91-85 Chicago win, Theus' work still isn't done. Outside the players' exit half an hour later there's Theus happily bussing the mother of a friend and here's Theus drawing a shy autograph seeker into conversation. And there's Theus making postgame plans with some friends.

"I find all the attention rather flattering," Theus says. "It's cold out there, and if someone wants to wait for me the least I can do is be cordial and stop and speak for a moment. Besides, if I don't, they may wreck my car."

At one point as the program, titled *Against the Odds*, was being taped at Theus' suburban Chicago town house, he said, "My father was the kind of man who could go out in the parking lot of a supermarket and talk for an hour to a perfect stranger. I know this because many times I would be sitting in the car waiting for him." Bulls fans know what that can be like. Until Theus blossomed, they had been mostly out in the cold for years, waiting for something or someone to cheer.

With new Coach Paul Westhead opening up the Bulls' offense, the unfettered Theus has averaged 27.1 points a

Since coming to Chicago, Westhead has instituted a running game that is similar to the Lakers' and seems custom-made for Theus, though the coach doth protest. "I don't think the running game revolves about him, because it's based on spraying the ball around," Westhead says. "Ironically, if a team wanted to showcase a player, the best way to do it would be in a set game—giving him double screens and picks to free him."

Theus and Chicago fans don't care who gets the showcase so long as there's a show. Ever since the early '70s when the Dick Motta-coached Bulls teams featured Chet Walker, Jerry Sloan, Norm

continued

Van Lier, Butterbean Love and Tom Boerwinkle, there had seemed to be a Chicago Stadium ordinance against running. Though those teams perennially won 50-plus games a season, they were hardly a joy to watch.

Now, though the transformed Bulls have gotten off to a shaky start (10-20 in the Central Division, 10½ games behind the division-leading Milwaukee Bucks), Theus is thriving. He leads the team and is fourth in the league in scoring, is third in the league in three-point goals (14 of 40) and tops the Bulls in steals (56). And a Theus no-look pass through the legs or whirling-dervish spin through the lane brings the Stadium crowd to its feet, chanting, "Reggie! Reggie!" as if his name were Jackson.

Perhaps it's manifest destiny. The implications of being a Reggie aside, Theus is aptly named. Reginald is from the Old English *Regenweald*, meaning "power, force, might."

Theus comes from the Greek *theos*, meaning god-like. No dissent there from the scores of women who have an eye for Reggie.

However, says Cindy Walker, "I really don't think that I could have a relationship with him. My grandmother told me never to go out with any man that's prettier than me."

Although he has had numerous modeling assignments in the Chicago area, Theus' place in the Beefcake Hall of Fame was assured last summer when he made an appearance on *Donahue*. Phil Donahue was joined by Theus and the underwear poster child of the Baltimore Orioles, Jim Palmer. The freewheeling discussion ranged from sex to the two men's careers to the Bulls' recent selection of Quintin Dailey on the first round of the NBA college draft.

Throughout the show, Theus more than held his own with the worldly Palmer. So much so that, in Chicago, Reggie

became known as the black Jim Palmer, just as actor Billy Dee Williams is sometimes referred to as the black Clark Gable. "I thought Palmer was a nice guy and a very interesting person," Theus says. "It's pretty funny that you mention that now, though, because the underwear I'm wearing has holes in it."

Just kidding, folks. But it makes for good copy and Theus knows it. A social services major before leaving UNLV after his junior year to play in the NBA, Theus has "always wanted to be involved in public relations or the media somehow. It's something that comes naturally to me." In an era when more and more athletes are talking less and less, Theus is eminently quotable.

"Sometimes you think you're a press agent when you deal with him," says Fred Mitchell, who covers the Bulls for the Chicago Tribune. "It's not really negative, though. He just understands the athlete-media relationship better than most."

"I guess most athletes get nervous when a pad and pencil are around, but I don't feel threatened by crowds or reporters," Theus says. "I remember when I was a rookie, other players told me to be careful with the press. I'm just being myself. I'd rather tell you something and elaborate the answer so it's clear than have you go away and try to guess what I was thinking when I said it."

"I just don't understand that adversarial relationship between the two. Sure, there's an amount of mutual trust involved—you know me, I know you and things will go easier. When that's established, if you want to know something, ask me, call me, here's my number. But I've also told people that if I'm misquoted or taken out of context, I'll cut them off and never speak to them again. And I've done it."

But when asked who in the media has burned him, Theus, ever the politician, demurs. "I would never tell," he says with a grin.

The key to Theus' relationship with the media is what he calls "manipulating my environment. I'm comfortable with myself because I understand me. Without that you really can't deal with others. If you haven't built that rapport



Even with his free-lance proclivities, Theus is second on the Bulls in assists per game.



Theus is a quick 6' 6½" and can post up most guards for an easy bucket.

trip he took two summers ago with Norm Nixon of the Lakers.

"The shell could be anywhere, but the inside of this house is mine," Theus says. "I want it to reflect a first-class environment because that's how I feel I am. These are things that are conducive to the way I want to live my life.

"I really get excited by church," Theus goes on, "not only because of the message but also by the way the minister is in control. Whatever he wants—sing this song, clap your hands, get an amen—the people do."

Although spiritual sustenance wasn't lacking in Theus' boyhood, material comforts were way off in the future. His parents divorced when he was six. Theus remained close to both, sometimes living with his mother in Inglewood, sometimes staying with his father, who lived just a few blocks away. Until he was nine, whenever Reggie stayed with his father, Felix, the two slept in the same bed.

The elder Theus, who owned a custodial service, died of a heart attack before Reggie's senior year at Inglewood High ("He literally worked himself to death," Reggie says), but not before leaving his mark on the youngest of his four children. "He always told me to be as nice as you can to people whenever you can," Theus says. "but he also told me to speak my mind. We had more arguments than I can remember, but we didn't call them that. He was just encouraging me to speak up."

As his basketball career at Inglewood High flourished, Theus narrowed his college choices to institutions in the immediate area of Los Angeles. "I tried to get a trip to Hawaii, even though I didn't really want to go to school there," he says. "I just wanted to see the place, but they found out I had no intention of attending and they wouldn't let me come to visit."

Theus chose UNLV over the University of San Francisco and hometown

UCLA. "It was only four hours away," he says. "It had the same atmosphere as L.A., and it had a good basketball program with a running style."

In three years playing for Jerry Tarkanian, Theus maintained a 12.9-per-game scoring average while starring on a team that had three 20-victory seasons.

The fast lane was the way of life on the basketball court for Theus and the Runnin' Rebels. "My high school coach always said that if you couldn't be creative on the basketball court, you should be a chess player," Theus says. Usually that creativity was found on the offensive end of the floor as UNLV set 14 NCAA scoring records en route to the Final Four in 1977.

But if Theus expected to be on the run in Chicago, he was in for a rude awakening. "I got to Chicago and the first thing they said was, 'We're walking the ball up court,'" Theus says. "Then they wanted me to be the one to bring it up. I said, 'Not me, I push it.'"

And push it he did, much to the delight of fans and the consternation of his coaches, in succession Larry Costello, Scotty Robertson and Sloan, before Westhead took over. "Looking back, I guess that did make it extremely tough to coach me," Theus says. "There was a sense of the coach being a certain way, me being another way and the system a third way."

But the Chicago fans took to the fun-loving Californian, all the more so because of his conspicuous forays on the town that gave him the nickname "Rush Street Reggie." At the same time his high profile made Theus an easy scapegoat for the team's frequent failings. "There were times that I had to be made an example of in the locker room," he says. "Most of the negatives were brought out but never the positives. It's not that the coaches would take sides, but it worked that way because everybody else could say, 'Aw, hell, it's all his fault.'"

Well, at least somebody was getting some attention. In recent years the city's sports teams had generated mostly apathy. The Bulls, for their part, were guilty of uninspired, selfish play. "I don't know why these guys didn't want to be wrestlers or track stars, because they had no idea of a team concept," says one member of it. Bulls' front office. "We haven't had a really serious injury in the time

continued

with yourself, then you often have problems that you can't handle."

Theus is also comfortable with his three-bedroom town house in Highland Park. Tastefully decorated in rusts and earth tones, each of the rooms gives evidence of the good life. The house contains everything from the latest in stereo and video equipment to a 350-pound blue marlin he caught off Hawaii on a

I've been here. Sometimes I think it's because they don't play hard enough."

Apart from the 1980-81 season, when the Bulls went 45-37 and made the playoffs, during most of Theus' career in Chicago the players cared so little for one another that former Bull Forward Scott May says there was a time when they would actually look to see who was on the receiving end before passing the ball.

Despite a promising performance in the '81 playoffs, in which they won a mini-series from New York before losing in four straight to eventual league champion Boston in the conference semis, the Bulls got off to a slow start last season, partly because of contract difficulties with Theus, Guard Ricky Sobers and first-round draft choice Orlando Woolridge, and they finished 34-48.

Another bone of contention was the incongruous mix of Theus and Center Artis Gilmore. In the Bulls' patterned offense, Gilmore set up in the low post, his presence demanding the ball while also effectively cutting off the lane for drives by Theus and others.

"The players never really disliked each other; it was a case of them not having enough respect for each other's games," says Bulls General Manager Rod Thorn, who coached the team to a 15-15 record after Sloan was fired last February. "One guy would say the other wasn't doing this, this and this, and things escalated."

During the off-season, Gilmore was traded to San Antonio for Center Dave Corzine and Forward Mark Olberding, but Westhead's new offense has also brought its share of gripes, notably from the team's big men, who have complained about the number of shots taken by guards on the break after their rebounds. Indeed, Theus has taken seven more shots per game than the next player, Dailey, another guard—who only recently took a six-game leave from the team because of emotional pressure caused by fan reaction to his having pleaded guilty last June to a charge of aggravated assault against a nursing student in a dormitory while he was at the University of San Francisco.

"I've yet to see a game in which everybody didn't have a chance to get theirs, but that's not the problem," Forward David Greenwood says. "I've seen Boston too many times, seen Larry Bird say, 'Ooh, Maxwell is just killing that guy tonight. I think I'll try to give him the ball 10 or 12 times down low this half—I can get mine later.' And they win. But would that happen here? Nah."

Fortunately for Theus, his shooting touch and personality have tended to lift him above and beyond the team's malaise.

Theus' 9-year-old nephew, Sean Keyes, recently told him that he wanted to play basketball just like Reggie when he grew up. "No you don't," said Theus, who then went into a big spiel about the fact that only so many players are good enough to make the NBA, and you'd better prepare for something else, just in case. Sean thought about that for a few moments and then said, "O.K. Then I'll be just like Doctor J. He's a lot better than you, anyway."

But not nearly as pretty.

END



The good life a la Reggie. In his Highland Park town house are the 350-pound marlin he caught off Hawaii and the wardrobe he chooses from before trolling down Rush Street.



There's nothing like a Xerox offer.



Xerox 2350
Was \$3,595
Now \$3,295



Xerox 3300 II
Was \$4,495
Now \$3,595



Xerox 3300
Was \$5,495
Now \$4,995



Xerox 3400
Was \$8,995
Now \$6,995



Xerox 3450
Was \$9,995
Now \$7,995

Xerox copiers have always been the standard of the industry.

Xerox copy quality has been unequalled. Xerox service has been unmatched.

And now, Xerox prices are the best ever.

Many of our small copiers are at newly reduced prices.

You can get fantastic savings. Anywhere from a pocket-pleasing 300 dollars off the Xerox 2350 small copier. All the way up to a mind-boggling 2,000 dollars off the Xerox 3450 copier.

Then there are financing plans designed to strip away any barriers remaining between you and a Xerox copier.

To qualified purchasers, we're offering zero finance

charges if you finance for a six-month period.

Or if you prefer a longer term arrangement, on qualified purchases we're offering 14.9% financing for two years.

If you need a new typewriter, more good news.

Buy a Xerox Memorywriter and a copier together, and you can get a savings of 15% off the cost of the typewriter. Not bad, considering it's the typewriter a lot of people have been selecting over Selectrics typewriters.

And the savings and offers are not limited to the ones seen in this ad. To find out more, though, you'll just have to call Xerox. Or send in this coupon.

But hurry, because all the

Save 15% on a Xerox Memorywriter when you buy a Xerox copier.



special financing offers will be ending on April 30th.

After all, even a Xerox offer has its limits.

Call 800-648-5888, operator 285.

In Nevada call 800-648-5888 ext. 285

I'd like ☐ a sales representative to contact me ☐ a demonstration ☐ more information.

Send to: Xerox Corporation,
Box 24, Rochester, N.Y. 14692.

Name

Title

Company

Address

City

State

Phone Zip

25 01-11-87

XEROX

The 3300 and 3300 II copiers are newly manufactured; the 2350, 3400 and 3450 copiers are remanufactured; other copiers are either newly manufactured, remanufactured or reconditioned.

XEROX and products named herein are trademarks of XEROX CORPORATION

'Hey, You Wanna Deer?'

It's hardly a night to entice a man out. The World Series is on TV, and it's raining heavily on Long Island. But by 7:30, half an hour before the 15th Annual Joe DeFalco Hunting Expo is to start at the Adelphi-Calderone theater in Hempstead, a crowd of 600 or 700 is already on hand waiting to watch Joe DeFalco, 53, an ex-butcher who had cut up more than 10,000 deer before he turned author and folk hero, show them onstage how to field-dress and carve up deer. In the lobby, beneath a banner proclaiming *THE COMPLETE DEER HUNT BY JOE DEFALCO*, pitchmen in blaze orange jackets are hawkng copies of *The Complete Deer Hunt* by Joe DeFalco, a \$5.95 paperback that has, according to Joe DeFalco, who first published it himself in 1969, sold over 700,000 copies. Inside, near the stage, a Joe Pastore band is playing and a vocalist is singing while Joe DeFalco checks the props onstage. Next, Joe DeFalco goes out to the lobby to see how the sale of \$1 raffle tickets is doing. The prizes include "3 days & 2 nights, 2 adults & 2 children free, plus 8 delicious meals at Fernwood in the Poconos." Fernwood is one of Joe DeFalco's clients.

Additional prizes are a quartz clock radio, a shooting-range pass, a free head mount, a Colt revolver kit and a grand prize of "\$1,000 Value 3 Day All Expense Paid Hunting Trip with Joe, Private land, Guides, Celebrities, Donated by the Paramount Hotel (another Joe DeFalco client), Plus a Remington 3006 Model 4 Semi-automatic, Donated by Remington Arms Company." All proceeds from the raffle are to go to two sick brothers in the Catskills who have let hunters shoot on their farm for 40 years. "Everything we do is four-star legiti-

mate," says Joe DeFalco, who will use the first person plural when he isn't alluding to himself in the third person singular or, more commonly, as "Joe DeFalco" instead of "I."

In his life, Joe DeFalco has shot at least 100 white-tailed deer, hunting in New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. The biggest buck he ever took was an 11-pointer that weighed 198 pounds, field-dressed. The biggest deer he ever saw weighed 202 pounds field-dressed.

"Bein' a former butcher, I know what a deer weighs," Joe DeFalco says. "You hear all this talk about how this guy got a 280-pound deer, a 300-pound deer. No way. The average field-dressed deer, a buck comin' out of New York, don't weigh 110 pounds."

According to Joe DeFalco, "The smart hunter who is lookin' for food won't take a buck. If he has a doe permit, he will take a young doe. A young doe is gold on the table. The bucks have to age for a week. You handle a deer right, you get the blood out, you cut it up right, and you can serve veal Parmesan to people who say they don't like venison."

"But the average hunter don't know what he's doin'," Joe DeFalco continues. "You talk to a guy from the city and you ask, 'Where you gonna hunt tomorrow?' And he says, 'I don't know,' or 'I'm gonna go up the hill across the road.' He hasn't even sighted in his rifle. What you should do is take advantage of the small-game season, which opens a month before deer. You're out lookin' for rabbits or pheasants. It's the same fields or woods where you're gonna hunt deer, and so you see a buck, or you see four deer near a certain tree. Three days later



Then pay attention to Joe DeFalco, 'Famous Author, Hunter and Lecturer,' who's shot more than 100 deer, cut up 10,000 and made a million friends

by ROBERT H. BOYLE

you see the four deer again at the same spot. You put an X on that tree. On openin' day, you sneak up to that tree, and you get your deer."

During deer season, Joe DeFalco leads parties of hunters on drives over 3,000 acres of land in the Catskills. Hunters

from as far away as Maine pack into the Paramount Hotel in Parkville, N.Y., to hunt with Joe DeFalco. They pay \$30 a night to sleep four or five in a room, plus another \$30 a season to cover the cost of four guides, the lease on the land and insurance. "When you hunt with a guy like

Joe DeFalco, you're gonna have excitement," says Joe DeFalco. "We're gonna push deer. You're gonna see deer. You're gonna have a chance at a shot, but you gotta be ready for a movin' target. The worst hunters in the world are target shooters. They're shootin' at targets 6

continued



PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL EPPIDGE

**Come to where
the flavor is.**



Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's—
you get a lot to like.



© Philip Morris Inc. 1997

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

King: 16 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine—100's; 15 mg.
"tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report 100's



Joe DeFalco field-dresses a buck taken on one of the famous Catskill hunts he leads.

JOE DeFALCO continued

feet high, and the biggest deer is 36 inches at the shoulder. The chest is best, but sometimes you gotta shoot at the rump on a movin' target. Last year we never had a day when we didn't see deer. Last year, on average, 20 out of 25 guys on our drives got deer. The average in New York State was one out of six."

A Joe DeFalco hunt is organized like a campaign out of Caesar's Gaffe Wars. Joe DeFalco will have reconnoitered the land beforehand and marked off various sectors. As many as 35 hunters may be in a day's party. Half of them will be posted at key spots that Joe DeFalco has marked, and the other half will drive the deer. "We've divided them up into four different teams," says Joe DeFalco, "and we know exactly where we're gonna go. The guides have white arm bands. They have sideband radios, like the police, that have a range of eight miles. We're in constant communication, and we know where everybody is. It's like a football

game, and I'm sendin' in the plays from the sidelines. This guy has gotta block at the line and the quarterback has gotta throw the ball, but he's gotta know where his receivers are."

After Joe Mallin, Joe DeFalco's assistant, fires a shot in the air to signal the start of a hunt, the drivers begin shouting to move the deer. A drive lasts half an hour to an hour, and there may be as many as 12 in a day. At the end of each drive, a truck air horn blasts so that people and deceased deer can be picked up and regrouped or field-dressed.

Joe DeFalco's hunting companions have included Willie Mays, Catfish Hunter, Joe Namath, Rich Caster, Spider Lockhart, Dave Kingman and any number of other past, present or ex-New York Jets, Giants, Mets and Yankees. "The athletes are so coordinated they can go all day," says Joe DeFalco. Joe DeFalco is big on celebrities. "I never hunted with Richard Todd, but I gave him his first bow," Joe DeFalco says of the Jet quarterback. "He's had dinner at my

house three times. I gave guns, black powder from Classic Arms—I get a lot of stuff to field test—to Tom Scaver, Mickey Litch, Jon Matlack, Telly Savalas, George Savalas." Indeed, Joe DeFalco was the chairman of the first Telly Savalas Charity Ball.

Joe DeFalco was nine when he shot his first deer. His father, Al, a butcher in New York City's borough of Queens, drove Joe and an older brother, Phil, up to the Adirondacks the night before opening day. "By 10 in the morning my father couldn't keep his eyes open," says Joe DeFalco. "He says, 'If you see any deer, boys, wake me up,' and he falls asleep under a tree. An eight-point buck is runnin' toward me, I pick the gun up, brace it on a rock and hit the deer a half inch above in between the eyes."

"My father jumps up, grabs me by the arm and asks, 'Are you O.K.?' Phil points to the deer and my father smacks me in the face. 'You're not old enough to shoot this deer,' he says. 'You tell anyone, and we'll all go to jail.' When we got home, my mother kissed my father. He took bows all over the place and gave us a wink."

At a little after eight at the Adelphi-Calderone theater, with 1,200 people on hand, the band strikes up the national anthem, and Joe DeFalco's niece, Donna DeFalco Lipari, sings *The Star-Spangled Banner*. As she begins, the curtains part. There, at the center of the stage behind a lectern, is Joe DeFalco in a checkered shirt. In front of him are a stuffed deer and a stuffed bear. On a wall behind him are the heads of four bucks shot by Joe DeFalco, the mounted rear end of a deer that DeFalco shot precisely there, a couple of tanned deer hides, a bullseye and two targets featuring a deer. At stage left are celebrities Joe DeFalco will soon introduce. At stage right, Joe DeFalco's brother Tommy, who runs the Veteran's Supermarket in Saint Albans, L.I., stands at attention in a butcher's white apron, butcher knife upraised by his side, next to an eight-point buck hanging from a rope by its antlers.

The master of ceremonies, Vince Lipari, Joe DeFalco's "nephew-in-law," welcomes everyone to the 15th Annual Joe

continued

1983 FORD MUSTANG GT



**THE BOSS:
ONE HOT PIECE
OF AMERICAN
STEEL.**

Mustang GT for 1983.

It begins in a river of red-hot steel.

It's cast and crafted and bolted together to be the Boss. This year, the 5.0 liter High Output engine has a new four-barrel carburetor for even more muscle. 175 horsepower. It's sprung with a performance suspension and packs 247 lb.-ft. of torque @ 2400 rpm* and a four-speed transmission.

It comes complete with a real bad attitude about being anything but the Boss.

Mustang GT for 1983. It's one hot piece of American steel. Get it together. Buckle up.

*Net torque and horsepower as measured by SAE standard J1349.



HAVE YOU DRIVEN A FORD...LATELY?



FORD DIVISION

DeFalco Hunting Expo. "I married into a legend," Lipari exults. "Joe DeFalco is a legend in the hunting world. Joe DeFalco will field-dress a deer right here on this very stage tonight! ... I'd like to present the legend, Joe DeFalco!"

"Everybody comes to this affair 'cause they love the sport of huntin'," Joe DeFalco says. He then begins introducing the celebrities. "Chuck Wegner! Sylvester Stallone came to New York with \$109 in his pocket and saw Chuck Wegner fight Muhammad Ali on closed-circuit TV from Cleveland, and Chuck nearly kicked Muhammad Ali's ass! So he made Rocky. The real Rocky, Chuck Wegner! Number Seven of the New York Mets, Ed Kranepool, Number Seven! Vito Antuofermo! He's Italian. Give him a big

I don't gu to play around. See it, knock it down, one, two, three."

Joe DeFalco quit high school in his first year to join the Merchant Marine. Only 13, he was 6 feet tall and weighed 200 pounds, and "People used to say, 'Why aren't you in the service?'" He spent 16 months in the Pacific and then came back home to become a butcher. He was in the Army for two years during the Korean War and served as a sergeant in meat-cutting school at what was then Camp Gordon in Georgia. In his spare time he hunted, and once served as a guide for General Eisenhower, who was in Augusta to play golf. Later on, Joe DeFalco spent an afternoon hunting male deer with Lyndon Johnson in Texas, but,

target with his arrows. "Now some Life Savers!" exclaims Seville. Howie shatters the first Life Saver, but misses the second. Boos. He misses several more. Joe DeFalco intervenes. Peering up at the balcony, he says, "This man cannot see on accounts the goddam lights in his eyes." Applause for Howie.

Joe DeFalco moves on to apparel. "A lot of hunters don't know what the hell to wear," he says. Suddenly there is a blare of loud music as a black man comes out on stage with ghetto blaster and belts of machine-gun ammunition strung all over him. Joe DeFalco looks dumbfounded. Joe DeFalco reaches into an ammo box hanging on the guy and keeps pulling on a belt of ammunition. The audience cheers. Lipari introduces the man as Willie Womper—actually Willie Hollingsworth, who "is in the Guinness Book of World Records for walking more than 18 miles with a bottle on his head." Joe DeFalco says a hunter should be quiet in the woods: "You stand still and that goddam deer will walk up to you." Joe DeFalco talks about the new Joe DeFalco Game Winner hunting jacket that he has endorsed. "Give myself a plug," he says. "Same material as the astronaut suits used on the moon, O.K.?" He talks about where to hunt. "My favorite spot is the Paramount Hotel in Parkville, New York. Anyone who wants to hunt with us, come on up. Paramount Hotel, O.K.?" Joe DeFalco tells of the time his son Al, then 16, got lost hunting and walked for 22 miles until the state police found him. Joe DeFalco says, "I wanted to kill him but he said, 'Don't worry, Dad, I told them my name was Greenberg.'" Joe DeFalco introduces Joan Murray, owner of a modeling school. The crowd whistles as she walks onstage. Ms. Murray says that because this is an audience of hunters, they might like to see something primitive. The New York Jet players carry scantily clad models onstage over their heads. The crowd cheers.

Joe DeFalco's rise to fame began in 1968, when he got a phone call at the Starlight Meat Center in Franklin Square, Long Island, where he was working, from a hunting club asking if he would show 25 of its members how to field-dress a deer. He agreed, and so many people showed up that traffic was snarled. Joe DeFalco had to cover the last six blocks to the store on foot. Frank Keating of the *Long Island*



Ex-Met Ed Kranepool is one of the jock nimrods in DeFalco's celebrity entourage.

round of applause!" Ten of the New York Jets, at the time on strike, are introduced. Father David, of St. Rita's Church in Queens, takes a bow and says that Joe DeFalco has done a great deal for children.

Joe DeFalco starts talking about hunting rifles. "People ask me what kind of a gun do I buy," he says to the hushed house. "Buyin' a gun is like marryin' a girl. You don't know what she's like until you squeeze her. I'd like you to meet my wife, Eleanor." Mrs. DeFalco stands up. Applause. Joe DeFalco picks up a rifle with lever action and then puts it down. "I don't want to knock any gun companies, but I'd flush that one down the toilet," he says. He recommends a 220-grain bullet, saying, "When I go into the woods

he says, "Drivin' up and seein' a deer sittin' there and shootin' it is not a sport to me." In 1965, hunting rabbits on Long Island, Joe DeFalco met another hunter, who happened to be Kranepool, and the ballplayer and the butcher became close friends. They have hunted together every year since. After the Mets won the '69 World Series, Kranepool, Jerry Koosman and Joe DeFalco were invited to hunt on an Indian reservation in South Dakota. "The only white men ever allowed in," says Joe DeFalco. "The Indians wanted to meet Joe DeFalco."

Joe DeFalco brings Walter Seville of Bear Archery and Howie Noll, the New Jersey state bow champ, out on the stage. Howie shoots out all the balloons on a

Press reported, "The police estimated the overall crowd at between 2,000 and 3,000. A bewildered woman member of an adjacent Republican club called the turnout 'the biggest thing that ever happened in this neighborhood.' She added that presidential candidate Richard Nixon drew only 500 people at a recent appearance."

A local weekly, the Franklin Square *Bulletin*, took on Joe DeFalco as its hunting and fishing columnist, and he began calling himself "Franklin Square's Own Famed Hunter-Guide-Rifle-Long-Bow Expert." (He later became, briefly, "Long Island's Famed Hunter," but he now simply refers to himself as "Joe DeFalco, Famous Hunter," on the grounds that "if I was under oath and was asked who the most well-known hunter in the country is, I would have to say, from the bottom of my heart, Joe DeFalco.") In response to the 5,600 letters he received after the demonstration at the Starlight Meat Center, Joe DeFalco announced that he would put on another demonstration three weeks later at the Platt-deutsche Park Restaurant, which could hold more people than his butcher store. Three thousand jammed into the restaurant, and a neighbor suggested that if Joe

DeFalco could draw crowds like that, he ought to write a book. He immediately started on *The Complete Deer Hunt*. To help pay for 25,000 hard-cover copies he had printed for 88¢ apiece, he sold a brand-new Cadillac. "Only 1,800 miles, and my ex-wife said, 'You're crazy.'"

To promote the book, Joe DeFalco quit butchering. "I wrote to every sporting-goods store I could to tell them the book was coming out," he says. "I had friends who would call a store and say, 'Have you got *The Complete Deer Hunt* by Joe DeFalco?' In them days, you had to push Joe DeFalco down people's throats. But the week before we came out, every store must have had 10 calls, and when we would walk in they would say, 'Wow, have we been waitin' for you!'"

Joe DeFalco rented space at the sportsman's show in New York City. Through happenstance, the promoters of the show had hired Namath, who knew Joe DeFalco, to make an appearance. "When he saw me there, he came over to the booth," says Joe DeFalco. "He started autographin' books with me, and I got an award for drawin' the biggest crowd of the show. We ran out of books." He had more printed. "We prob-



Joe DeFalco, with Eleanor and son Mike.



For an evening out, there's nothing quite like the 15th Annual Joe DeFalco Hunting Expo.

ably blew out legitimately more than a couple hundred thousand copies," Joe DeFalco says. Playworld stores bought 2,500 copies when Joe DeFalco made an appearance, and drew "one of the biggest crowds they ever had. They had a parade for me." A representative of Times Square Stores was there at the time, and as a result, the firm bought 10,000 copies and hired Joe DeFalco to promote guns at its 12 stores. Grosset & Dunlap, the publishers, asked to publish the book, but just before Joe DeFalco sold them the rights, he printed up another 100,000 copies for himself. By this time he had started referring to himself in the third person. "I made Joe DeFalco another person so I could

continued

Today the Services
can help you so
you not only get better
you really grow.



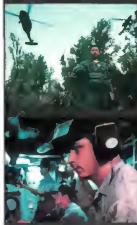
Prove you can make it.
Prove it to all.
Serving your country
and walking tall.



You'll work hard –
learn all that you can.
Responsibility is
part of the plan.



**ARMY
NAVY
AIR FORCE
MARINES**



**Challenge, adventure
excitement too.
A time to enjoy.
See something new.**



**You've got it together
they'll see in a glance.
Thanks to the Services
you got the chance
in the Army, Navy,
Air Force, Marines.**

Looking for an opportunity to develop and grow as a person? You'll find it in the Army, Navy, Air Force and Marines. And that's especially true if you're smart enough to graduate from high school.

You can earn responsibility in the Services. Learn to lead. Prove that you can make it. In fact, there are all kinds of opportunities for advancement.

The Armed Forces can bring out the best in you—actually help you grow better. For instance, there's even a program in which the government contributes money toward a college education.

Serving in the Armed Forces is an adventure and a challenge. There are new places to see. And new friends to make.

Pay is higher than ever—more than \$550 a month to start. And you earn 30 days of vacation each year. Plus, the Services take care of your food, uniforms, housing and medical needs.

But above all, you'll gain new confidence. Stand a little taller. Walk a little prouder. All while serving your country. And that's one of the finest things a person can do.

To find out more, see your local Armed Forces recruiter or write Armed Forces Opportunities, P.O. Box C 1776, Huntington Station, N.Y. 11746.

IT'S A GREAT PLACE TO START

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

LIGHTS: 9 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine. LIGHTS 100's: 10 mg. "tar",
0.6 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

You've got what it takes.
Salem Spirit

*Share the spirit.
Share the refreshment.
Light, fresh Salem Lights.*



talk about him," Joe DeFalco explains.

He also began promoting himself as the best-known hunter in the country. For several years, in the mid-1970s, Joe DeFalco had his own program, *The Outdoorsman*, on Long Island cable TV. He would feature athletes and celebrities as guests.

Back at the Adelphi-Calderone, Joe DeFalco is saying, "Outdoor Life Book Club called me 'one of the leadin' authorities in the country on the white-tailed deer,' O.K.?" The book club printed an excerpt from *The Complete Deer Hunt* in 1969 and says it was "so good that we've brought it out again."

Lipari introduces a magic act—Steve Rodman and Linda. Steve pulls doves out of handkerchiefs and Linda twirls offstage with them. Jack Fontana, a comedian, comes on next. "I hunt," says Fontana. "I got an Italian dog bark? Woofa, woofa."

Joe DeFalco comes back onstage, and with brother Tommy wielding the knife, demonstrates how a deer should be dressed in the field. Joe DeFalco is adamant that a deer be dressed out on the exact spot it was downed. He says the hunter should cut a half-inch hole in the upper belly and then step back to let gas escape. He tells how to remove the intestines, the liver, the heart and the kidneys, and how to cut the windpipe and the esophagus. He says make a cut around the anus and pull firmly on the rectal tube to facilitate drainage of the blood when the deer is hung high.

Joe DeFalco makes a lot of appearances for nothing. "Nobody has ever paid Joe DeFalco a fee for a charity," he says. "If it's for kids, it's for nothin'. I love kids. Kids are not black. Hispanic, Italian. Kids are kids." But if any kid gives Joe DeFalco some lip, he lifts them up against the wall and says, "Shut up, ya little bastid." Joe DeFalco and a couple of Jets helped put a stop to most of the kid pillaging in the Times Square Store in Hempstead several years ago by talking to youngsters in the neighborhood, but he got in trouble when he gave a speech to the Chamber of Commerce and was

quoted in *Newsday* as saying that the store had no problem with kids because it was policy to kick their butts. "Their families don't give 'em discipline," says Joe DeFalco. "I do. I tell 'em to stay straight with sports. I tell 'em about huntin' and fishin' and I take them outdoors. I put on shows. I bring athletes. We go to grammar schools, churches, Little Leagues, you name it."

Onstage, there is much sawing and chopping. Joe DeFalco holds up the liver, the



Joe DeFalco isn't fussy about which and he shoots.

heart and lungs. "Anybody hungry?" he asks. "O.K., Tommy," he says, "take the legs off. O.K., let's talk about glands for a minute, O.K.?" Then it's "Cut the shoulder off. O.K., the youngest kid in the house, bring him up." A man climbs onstage with a year-old boy in his arms. Joe DeFalco gives them some venison. He asks for the oldest man in the house. An 82-year-old with a cane limps onstage. "Let's give him a big round of applause," Joe DeFalco says. "Is everybody having a good time?" It is 10:40 when the show ends, and Joe DeFalco thanks everyone for coming.

In 1979, just after Joe DeFalco had finished making a TV pilot with Catfish Hunter for a hunting series that was to be nationally syndicated, he was riding his motorcycle when a truck hit him and sent him flying 60 feet. "I had \$9,000 worth of medical bills," Joe DeFalco says. "I sued, but I lost 'cause a jury thinks that if you're 50 and ridin' a motorcycle you're retarded."

After the accident Joe DeFalco stopped working full time for Times Square Stores and joined his wife, Eleanor, in a business she had started called VIP Promotions. For a fee, VIP will supply celebrities for commercials and store openings, among other things, while a branch of the business, VIP Vacations, books rooms in resorts in the off-season and sells them at a discount to stores that offer two free nights' vacation to people who buy so much in merchandise.

All in all, Joe DeFalco is doing very well. He has a 14-room house in Baldwin Harbor, L.I. with his own trophy room, which contains, among other things, a pistol case labeled JOE DeFALCO, FAMOUS HUNTER, mounted deer heads, bulging scrapbooks with stories about Joe DeFalco and a wall full of awards. "I got 135 awards," he says. "Nassau County had a Joe DeFalco Day." He also owns a 38-foot motor home and four cars, including a new custom-made Lincoln, complete with fuzz buster. He has many, many friends, and his kids are healthy.

Next fall, Joe DeFalco plans to move the 16th Annual Joe DeFalco Hunting Expo from the Adelphi-Calderone theater to the New York Coliseum. "With all the publicity Joe DeFalco is gettin' and with one hundred celebrities onstage, Joe DeFalco will draw 20,000," says Joe DeFalco. "They'll be standin' in the streets outside. It costs \$20,000 to rent the Coliseum for one night, and it will be a free show as always. It's just about locked up with Herman's Sportin' World and the NRA [National Rifle Association] sponsorn' the show."

"It's been so excitin' and adventurous," says Joe DeFalco. "To think that it all started with huntin'!"

END

by Paul Zimmerman



The poststrike format opened the postseason party to the riffraff.

Next: penny-ante playoffs

In this season of labor unrest, the NFL was only good for cheap thrills

The 1982 NFL season will go down in history as The Year of the Strike, of course, but it will also bear a subhead. The Year They Opened the Dime Store. Everything was cheap—cheap pass completions, cheap yardage, cheap thrills. Woolworth football.

Remember when there were only two or three big plays a game? Now there are a dozen, two dozen—so many that they all blur, become indistinguishable. Even the idea of training camp was cheapened. Who needs a month to get ready? Bring 'em back on Wednesday, play on Sunday. They're big boys, aren't they?

Then they depreicated the playoffs by allowing 16 of the 28 teams to qualify. Another artificial thrill. The playoffs are now a great, gray blob. In a normal year, a .375 team—6–10 under conventional circumstances: 3–5 in The Year of the Strike—would simply be a loser, but not under the new formula: we had to call a 3–5 club a playoff contender. Going into the last weekend of the season, half a dozen 3–5 teams had a shot at NFC playoff berths. They included the two biggest whatever-happened-to stories of the year, San Francisco and Philadelphia. The 49ers are crippled and defenseless.

The Eagles? Well, things have gotten so bad that Dick Vermeil has been questioning his own coaching ability and owner Leonard Tose has suggested that the Eagles ought to go back out on strike. But there they were, on Week 9, playoff contenders. Ditto New Orleans, which started an erstwhile wide receiver named Guido Merikens at quarterback two weeks ago. Ditto Chicago Bears, with its makeshift offensive line and an unhappy Walter Payton. Also in the running were the Detroit Lions, the turmoil capital of mid-America, the L.A. Rams East. And so were the Giants, with a lame-duck coach, Ray Perkins, who was all set to jump on a plane after the final whistle and start signing Alabama high school kids to letters of intent. Only Detroit will be playing this weekend.

After he'd dropped his second straight game since announcing on Dec. 15 he was leaving to become the coach of the

Crimson Tide, Perkins was reminded that the 3-5 Giants still had a playoff shot, that a 4-5 record might qualify. "To me the playoffs are kind of like a championship game," he said, "a reward for accomplishing something on the winning side, right? This way you're going to get a reward for having a losing season. Does that make sense? Doesn't to me."

The league office keeps reminding us that the current setup is a once-only arrangement, but they made a mistake when they chose the 16-team formula involving three weeks of playoffs. They could have gone for austerity—a 10-week season, with two weeks of playoffs

and only four teams qualifying from each conference. I'm surprised that the Players Association didn't hold out for that, because it would have meant an extra payday for a lot more players. But instead, the league went dime store and the fans are turned off. Attendance was down, and so were TV ratings. Sunday, only 11,502 fans showed up at Kansas City's 78,097-seat Arrowhead Stadium to see the Chiefs play the Jets.

The difference in the quality of post-strike play wasn't that easy to spot with the naked eye. It was subtle. Game plans were simplified. It was easier to stick with pass-catch for a while. Running at-

tacks require more precision, more repetition work. To one sophisticated eye, though, the differences were huge.

"For the first three weeks after the strike, it wasn't even worth my while to grade films," says Mike Giddings, a scout and evaluator of pro personnel for eight NFL teams. "That's how different the caliber of play was. The crispness didn't come back until mid-December; slide-blocking in pass protection, hook-blocking, tackling hard and causing fumbles, driving for the ball, the things that make NFL football such a great sport."

For a while it was felt that running backs would dominate the game in No-

continued

The Cream Of A Sour Season

The strike scrambled the 1982 All-Pro picture. The great runners—Earl Campbell, Walter Payton, Tony Dorsett, Billy Sims—were hardly heard from. The Cowboys' Randy White, everyone's automatic choice at defensive tackle, came back from the injury heavy and ineffective. Through the first seven games of the season the Packers' feared receiving tandem of James Lofton and J.J. Jefferson had one touchdown catch between them. Crazy stuff.

Some picks were easy. Dwight Clark is the best possession receiver in football. Wes Chandler the top long-ball man. Kellen Winslow shades the Bengals' Dan Ross at tight end by weight of numbers.

Larry Brown finally has gotten the recognition he's deserved at offensive tackle. Mike Kenn was steady. Keep an eye on Card rookie Tootie Robbins. A budding superstar.

The guards are the same as last year. John Hannah was slightly hobbed with a knee injury, but he still dominated. Doug Wilkerson is just so pretty to watch.

Center was an agonizing choice. The Steelers' Mike Webster had another fine year, but we're going with a sleeper, Dwight Stephenson, who has given the Dolphins that muscle up the middle that Don Shula so dearly loves.

Dan Fouts can't be overlooked at quarterback. He had the kind of year you frame and hang on the wall. Both our runners are 1 formation linbacks, read-and-react guys. That seems to be the coming style. Marcus Allen is the complete back—runner,

receiver, blocker. Freeman McNeil has been consistently effective.

The NFL's leading sacker through eight games was Philly Defensive End Dennis Har-

rison with 10½, but we're going with Lee Roy Selmon on consistency, plus Lyle Alzado, who is once again a pass-rushing mainstay.

The defensive tackle position looks strange without White, but he simply hasn't had the year that Doug English and Dan Hampton have had. Hampton made the switch from defensive end, returning to his old college position.

There's a crowd at outside linebacker. Lawrence Taylor of the Giants played hurt a lot but still made big plays. Atlanta's Joel Williams should have made the Pro Bowl roster, and so should the Jets' Lance Mehl. But no pair did as much for their overall defensive picture as Hugh Green, the dominating linebacker of 1982, and Mike Douglas.

With much grumbling, Jack Lambert adjusted to the 3-4. Sorry, but I can't pick inside linebackers who leave the field on passing downs. Watch the Patriots' Clayton Weiss-hahn as a future.

Cornerbacks are chalk: Mark Haynes and Everson Walls. Ronnie Lott got caught in the 49ers' collapse and tried to do too much. The Redskins came up with a sensational rookie in Vernon Dean. Tony Peters and Tim Fox were the most consistent safemen. The Rams' Nolan Cromwell had a mysteriously disappearing year.

Mark Moseley is the kicker. Any arguments? Our punter, Rich Camarillo, caught tough weather conditions in six of the last seven games and still finished with the second-best net average.

Joe Gibbs was an easy choice as Coach of the Year, and Dwight Clark is our Player of the Year, narrowly shading Marcus Allen and Hugh Green. —PAUL ZIMMERMAN

DR. Z's ALL-PRO TEAM

OFFENSE

WIDE RECEIVERS—Dwight Clark, San Francisco, and Wes Chandler, San Diego

TIGHT END—Kellen Winslow, San Diego

TACKLES—Larry Brown, Pittsburgh, and Mike Kenn, Atlanta

GUARDS—John Hannah, New England, and Doug Wilkerson, San Diego

CENTER—Dwight Stephenson, Miami

QUARTERBACK—Dan Fouts, San Diego

RUNNING BACKS—Marcus Allen, L.A. Raiders, and Freeman McNeil, N.Y. Jets

DEFENSE

ENDS—Lee Roy Selmon, Tampa Bay, and Lyle Alzado, L.A. Raiders

TACKLES—Doug English, Detroit, and Dan Hampton, Chicago

OUTSIDE LINEBACKERS—Hugh Green, Tampa Bay, and Mike Douglas, Green Bay

MIDDLE LINEBACKER—Jack Lambert, Pittsburgh

CORNERBACKS—Mark Haynes, N.Y. Giants, and Everson Walls, Dallas

STRONG SAFETY—Tony Peters, Washington

FREE SAFETY—Tim Fox, San Diego

SPECIAL TEAMS

KICKER—Mark Moseley, Washington

PUNTER—Rich Camarillo, New England

COACH OF THE YEAR

Joe Gibbs, Washington

PLAYER OF THE YEAR

Dwight Clark, San Francisco

NATIONAL NEWS

National gives you a number that's easy to remember.

800-CAR-RENT SPELLS OUT EASY RESERVATIONS.

Now we've made our phone number easy to remember.

National gives you a single toll-free number — 800-CAR-RENTSM — that lets you make reservations any time of day, coast to coast. So you never have to wait to make your call.

And when you *do* call, you still won't have to

wait. Because in most cases, a National reservationist will answer your call within three rings.

In Alaska and Hawaii the number to call is 800-328-6321. In Canada call collect 612-830-2345.

Now! National 24-Hr. Road Service.

More good news! Now when you rent with

National, you're protected 'round the clock with free Amoco Motor Club road service.

Chances are, you'll never need it. But if you do, only National gives you access



to Amoco Motor Club road service — the world's largest

full-service motor club, with over 6,500 service facilities coast to coast.

Get the National Attention you deserve.

Low prices. Carefully maintained cars. Unlimited free mileage at participating locations. And the security of 24-hour Amoco Motor Club road service.

That's the kind of attention you deserve — National Attention.



National features GM cars like this Buick Regal.

You deserve National Attention.SM

National Car Rental[®]

A HOUSEHOLD INTERNATIONAL COMPANY

©1982, National Car Rental System, Inc. In Canada, it's Tilden. In Europe, Africa and the Middle East, it's Europcar.

National expands free gift offer.

The response to our free TimeBall™ gift offer has been so overwhelming, we've added 18 new gifts from the JS&A catalog. Included are a portable mini-word processor, cordless phone, portable TV, health and fitness items, and more.

Certificates good toward these free gifts are available just for renting a compact



or larger size car from participating National locations at our usual low prices, including commercial rates. Or, we'll give you a free TimeBall digital travel/desk alarm clock with each qualifying rental. It's a \$19.95 rental value.

And to help you get these gifts even faster, now you can combine your certificates with cash. Details are



in the new JS&A catalog available free at participating locations.

Offer expires 3/31/83. Not available on tour package.

Offer extended thru March 31

special promotional and some weekend rates.

National Car Rental

PRO FOOTBALL *continued*

member and December, because they had never been so healthy and injury-free this late in the season, but the reverse happened. The great runners submerged. Every one of last year's Top Ten rushers ran at less than his yards-per-game pace of '81, and only Payton increased his average yards-per-carry, mainly because he carried the ball four fewer times each game. But Payton went seven games without scoring a touchdown rushing. Going into Dallas' game Monday night against Minnesota, Tony Dorsett's longest gun of the year was 19 yards. Earl Campbell was sore and depressed.

The passing game, on the other hand, flourished. Ken Anderson completed 40 passes against the Chargers—and lost. Vince Ferragamo threw for 509 yards against the Bears—and lost. Dan Fouts passed for 450 and 435 yards on back-to-back weekends—and won. There's no pattern to it. We haven't seen the crest yet, either. The reason is that the pass-catch game has filtered down to the grass roots. Colleges are going for the big passing attack. Just look at the numbers during Bowl week. The young linemen are pumped-up weightlifters who are being bred for pass-blocking. For most of them their basic move off the ball is to get the mits out and hook up, whether it's a run or a pass.

"It's all strength blocking," says Randy Rasmussen, who retired from the Jets this year after 15 seasons at guard. "I'm really watching the colleges for the first time now, and I'm amazed at what I'm seeing. The linemen are all carrying too much weight. They've lost their run-block techniques. A team like Pitt, for instance, their linemen come off the ball and just start wrestling with people."

The NFL office's new concession to the offense is the cosmetic line. If something looks bad, fine the guy, or suspend him, especially if the isolated camera catches it. Make it public. Make a big thing of it. Head shins are particularly popular items. The Jets' Stan Blinka caught the Packers' J.J. Jefferson with a forearm to the head on Nov. 28. Nasty, sure, but at one time standard operating procedure for middle linebackers. Blinka got sent down for a game. "It ranks with the worst infractions I have witnessed," said Pete Rozelle. Oldtimers laughed. Hardy Brown, the old linebacker from the '50s, used to dish out 15 of those per game.

Check the recent punishments and

you'll see that they all involve a defensive man hitting an offensive player, but the worst things on a football field are the cheap shots to the knees, the roll-up blocks, the blind-siders caught by the officials or the TV cameras and go unpunished. Most players will tell you that if they have to take a shot, they'd rather take one to the head than to the knee, which could be a career-ender.

Patrick Tight End Don Hasselbeck was outspoken about the head shot Pittsburgh's Ron Johnson delivered to New England Quarterback Steve Grogan two weeks ago. "It makes me sick," Hasselbeck said, and a few Jets had to smile. He was the guy who delivered what many Jets say was the cheapest shot they've ever seen. It involved Joe Klecko on the Sept. 19 play in which the Jets' All-Pro defensive end tore a tendon in his right knee. He was on his back, gripping his leg in agony, and here comes Hasselbeck, taking a 10-yard run at Klecko and diving on his other leg. Did Hasselbeck get a flag? A fine? A suspension? Hardly. It wasn't a head shot, you see.

"I'm surprised none of your teammates put out a contract on Hasselbeck that day," someone told Klecko a couple of weeks ago.

"I guess they don't do that anymore," Klecko said. "Don't worry, though. I'm not forgetting it."

What will happen in the playoffs? Weather should determine how things go. The defenses are still trying to figure out a way to catch up with the passing game. So far, there's no real formula. The Giants rushed three men and had eight back in coverage when the Cards' Neil Lomax beat them on a last-minute pass in Week 8. He had seven seconds to throw, and he found Roy Green alone in the end zone. On the same day, the Falcons sent a furious four-linebacker blitz against the Packers' Lynn Dickey, who calmly completed an 80-yard scoring pass to James Lofton. But there's one defense against the hot passers that always works, and that's the good old Wind Chill Defense. It could get Fouts next week in Pittsburgh as it did last year in Cincinnati.

In the AFC, a West Coast playoff schedule down the line will help the Raiders' Jim Plunkett. In the NFC, Dallas seems capable of beating anyone on any field in any conditions.

Maybe next year the fans will take all this seriously.

END

Until recently, Chaminade University was best known, if it was known at all, as the little NAIA school in Hono-lulu that gave NCAA Division I powers a chance to burnish their sunrises, egos and won-lost records on quick trips away from the mainland winter. But that reputation changed forever on the night of Dec. 23, 1982, when Chaminade, a 25-year-old school with an enrollment of 900, beat No. 1-ranked Virginia, a 163-year-old institution with 16,400 students, 77-72. It was probably the biggest upset ever in college basketball—on a par with tiny Centre College's 6-0 football defeat of Harvard in 1921.

One of the most amazing things about the upset is that for a long while after it occurred, very few people knew it had happened. It was past midnight on the West Coast and 3:15 a.m. in the East when the Associated Press moved the story—too late for most newspapers to get it into their Dec. 24 editions. Later that afternoon, a journalist who had covered the game called Ken Denlinger of The Washington Post to discuss "the greatest upset in college basketball histo-

There was some justice in the fact that Virginia was the first national power to fall victim to the Silverswords. (A silversword is a cactuslike plant found only in volcanic craters in Hawaii.) The Cavaliers had been a bit gluttonous in feasting on Chaminade, having beaten the Swords twice in the previous three seasons, by 16 and 25 points, and no doubt figured on more of the same this time.

"This year we didn't even bother to prepare specially for them," said Chaminade Forward Richard Haenisch, who grew up in West Germany and didn't touch a basketball until moving to Hawaii when he was in 10th grade. "The last two times we put a guy up on a chair in practice to play the role of [Ralph] Sampson. This time we were so down, we just said the heck with it."

Chaminade was down because of a disappointing loss two days earlier. Only the week before, the Swords had pulled another upset, their first win ever over the University of Hawaii. The defeat of the Division I Rainbows not only gave Chaminade the island bragging rights but also propelled it into the fourth spot

by Happy Flae

in the NAIA national rankings. The Swords' record then was 9-1, with their only loss having come 75-62 to LSU. Problem was, Chaminade forgot to show up for its next game, against Wayland Baptist, a Texas Panhandle school with a 5-9 record, and lost 64-61.

Looking on that night were some members of the Virginia team, which had hit town for a few days of R&R following the Suntory Ball in Tokyo. So much for any concern the Cavaliers might have harbored about their next opponent.

More prominent in their thoughts seemed to be Spats, a disco in the Hyatt Regency Waikiki, where the team was staying. There they mingled with, among others, their female counterparts from Southern California, the top-ranked women's team in the U.S., which was in Hawaii for a fun-and-sun tournament of its own. One Cavalier player was even overheard to say, "I don't want to go back to Charlottesville."

He probably felt differently at halftime two evenings later, when Chaminade and Virginia were tied 43-41. Order appeared to have been restored soon thereafter, when, with 11:14 to play, Guard Ricky Stokes scored a basket from the right baseline to give Virginia its biggest lead of the game, 56-49. The Swords fought

Very small but very deadly

Tiny Chaminade pulled the upset of the ages by beating No. 1 Virginia

ry." But Denlinger, one of many who hadn't heard, thought the caller was referring to another unexpected outcome the night before. "Maryland beating UCLA surprised me, too," Denlinger said, "but I wouldn't go that far."

If there was shock around the country, it was no greater than that felt by Chaminade Coach Merv Lopes, who said after the game, "I must be dreaming. It's amazing what human beings can accomplish."

Lopes sits outside The Shack, recuperating from The Shock.



back with seven straight points to tie matters again before Sampson, who scored just 12 points, sank a turnaround from the right baseline. Then came the play of the game. Maybe the year.

On Chaminade's next possession, Guard Tim Dunham, the leading Silver-sword scorer, was seemingly lost in traffic to the left of the key. Suddenly he took off to his left, head down, on an arching path to the basket, similar to a post pattern in football. With precise timing, Mark Rodrigues, positioned at the top of the key, lofted a perfect lob directly above the basket without ever making eye contact with Dunham. Up soared the 6'2" Dunham, high above the 7'4" Sampson and into basketball heaven for the alley-oop of a lifetime.

"After that play, I think we all got the feeling we could actually win," said Haensch.

"They were stunned," said Sword Forward Ernest Pettway.

"How could you tell?" asked one reporter.

"Because that play stunned me, too," Pettway replied.

Frank & Nick's is a tavern on the fringes of Waikiki where the Chaminade team goes for its postgame repeat, win or lose. The game wasn't on local TV, but a Chaminade employee videotapes all home games for showing on four big screens at Frank & Nick's. The portion of the tape showing Dunham's alley-oop was replayed four times, and each time the clientele went bananas.

The man who guarded Sampson most of the way was 6'8" Center Tony Randolph, who comes from, of all places, Staunton, Va. Staunton happens to be 25 miles from Harrisonburg, Va., which is Sampson's hometown. While playing for Robert E. Lee High in Staunton, Randolph faced Sampson and Harrisonburg High five times. Lee won twice.

"I didn't do much against him as a sophomore," recalls Randolph, who transferred last spring to Chaminade from Panhandle State in Oklahoma on the advice of a brother who lives in Hawaii. "The first time he went up for an alley-oop his elbow caught me in the head and flipped me over onto the floor. I got a concussion." In their latest matchup, Randolph was able to bring Sampson outside by scoring 19 points, on 9-of-12 shooting, mostly from the perimeter.

Chaminade's success this season has been based as much on emotion as abili-

continued

A video cassette mechanism needs to be more than a package for your tape.



Your video cassette mechanism needs to do more than store and transport your video tape.

Because a lot can go wrong with your picture that has nothing to do with your tape.

Our specially engineered cassette mechanism maintains proper tape tension, preventing jamming and snapped leaders so that your tape can have a longer life.

We also designed our mechanism for optimal tape-to-head contact to prevent skewing and jitters. And we use stainless steel pins to support the guide rollers which provide better alignment and tape-edge protection than the plastic pins used by some manufacturers.

TDK maintains tolerances up to 2½ times tighter than industry standards. We even build our video cassette shell halves to micron

tolerances for an exact top and bottom match.

We do everything we can to make sure that TDK Super Avilyn video tape and the TDK super precision mechanism will combine to give you the best possible picture.

That's why our video cassette mechanism is every bit as impressive as our tape.



TDK
The vision of the future.



Randolph trimmed Sampson once again.

COLLEGE BASKETBALL *continued*

ty. "I think that's why we lost to Wayland Baptist," Haensch said after beating Virginia. "We had so much emotion going into the Hawaii game, we forgot we're not the kind of team that can go out and win if we don't get up. But tonight shows you how good we can be when we do."

The Chaminade program has come far since it began, on the NCAA Division III level, only six years ago. Lopes took over in the Swords' second season, earning the princely sum of \$2,000 annually. In 1978-79 he led Chaminade to an NCAA Division III regional championship. The next season the Swords stepped up to the NAIA. In 1980-81 and '81-82 they reached the District II finals.

Chaminade University was named after Guillaume Joseph Chaminade, who founded the Society of Mary (Marianists) at Bordeaux in 1817. The school was founded in 1957 by the Marianist order and christened Chaminade College of Honolulu. Two years before, it had opened as St. Louis Junior College, after the St. Louis High campus that it still shares. In the fall of 1977, the school expanded its curriculum—to include courses ranging from accounting and mathematics to chemistry and business—and Chaminade College became Chaminade University.

Chaminade is a pretty place, featuring buildings with white stucco facades and red-tile roofs. It is situated on a bluff overlooking Waikiki and Diamond Head. Yet, in many ways, Chaminade is a second-class citizen on its own campus. "When it comes to financial support, the high school gets most of the consideration from the order," says one longtime faculty member. "St. Louis High even gets first call on dates in McCabe Gym," says a booster. One good example of the poor standing of Chaminade's sports program is the athletic department's building. Popularly known as The Shack, it's hidden in back of the dorms at the most remote corner of the school grounds.

Lopes, who now makes \$10,000 for coaching, also has a full-time job as a high school guidance counselor. Including the Swords' 14-2 season record at week's end—they won all four games on a California road trip after beating the Cavaliers—Lopes has a career mark of 119-36. He is known as a stern taskmaster and a teacher of intense defense. This doesn't mean, however, that his team always listens when he yells. At one point late in the Virginia game, Lopes was on his feet screaming for a delay. Dunham, giving him a look of disdain, turned and fired up a 22-footer. *Swish.*

The question remains, "How'd they do it?" It's true Chaminade contested every pass, dived for every loose ball, had at least three players leap for every rebound, played tight man-to-man defense and shot the lights out from the perimeter. But any explanation must go beyond the statistical to the spiritual. From now on, wherever athletes must face an impossible task, the cry will go out, "Remember Chaminade!" Virginia will.

THE WEEK

(Dec. 27-Jan. 2)
by HERM WEISKOPF

EAST "I'll be honest with you," Virginia Coach Terry Holland said. "I was fed up enough after last night that I considered not playing him." The "him" was Rip Sampson, who had twice been whistled for elbowing Richmond players and who had once spat on the floor in a 102-85 Cavalier win in the first round of the Times-Dispatch tournament in Richmond. Neither Holland nor the Spiders appreciated Sampson's actions, which Sampson said stemmed from

"getting elbows and forearms in the back." But in the title game, a 75-59 defeat of Old Dominion, Sampson was on his best behavior. What may have been more impressive than Sampson's 21 points, 15 rebounds and seven blocked shots during that game was his refusal to engage in firefights with rival Center Mark West, who tried to egg him on.

St. John's won the ECAC Holiday Festival at Madison Square Garden for the third time in four years. The Redmen opened their defense with a 75-64 triumph over Brigham Young. In the finale, against previously unbeaten Wake Forest, David Russell of St. John's put on a virtuoso performance during the first three minutes of the second half, spinning free for a close-in basket, hitting again from underneath, dunking and then sinking a baseline jumper. Russell then topped off his 21-point effort by concluding a breakaway dash with a 360-degree slam. St. John's went on to a 72-65 win and Russell, just as in 1979, was the MVP.

The MVP of the Rochester Classic was a player who didn't start either game for his team—Guard Todd Berkenpas of Iowa. Although Berkenpas had only 22 points during the tournament, he kept coming off the bench to perk up the Hawkeyes, guiding them past James Madison 47-45 and Seton Hall 85-63.

Derek Whittenburg and Thurl Bailey led North Carolina State to a 67-59 triumph over West Virginia at the Meadowslands. Whittenburg scored 19 points, including 13 of the Wolfpack's first 18 in the second half. Bailey contributed 18 points, 12 rebounds and nine blocked shots.

Syracuse missed nine of its first 10 shots against Pittsburgh before finding the range and winning 87-66. Against Canisius, the Orangemen got off to a quick start—38 points in the first 10 minutes—and breezed 109-76.

WEST Stuart Gray, UCLA's 7-foot sophomore, had a few unkind words to say to himself when he sat down with his teammates warmed up for the second half against Louisville. After the game, Gray explained it this way: "I just said to myself, 'You're a big, slow, white center.' I don't mind it when others say it or write it. When I say it to myself, though, I get mad." Gray's soliloquy was prompted by a miserable first half in which he had no points and three fouls and spent most of the time on the sideline. After picking up his fourth foul early in the second half, Gray again sat down. Then, with the Cardinals leading 64-54, he went back in and began popping in shots and pulling down rebounds. It was Gray's stuff with 29 seconds remaining that finally put the Bruins ahead 74-72. Gray wound up with 14 points and nine rebounds for the game and was the main man as UCLA rallied for a 76-72 victory. While the Bruins got hot, the Cardinals went cold, failing to score a single point during the final 4:44.

For Nevada-Las Vegas, the catalyst during its Holiday Classic was Guard Jeff Collins, a transfer from Arizona. With the first semester ended, Collins became eligible to play for the Rebels—and play he did, winning the MVP award. In an opening-round 120-70 drubbing of Wagner, Collins pumped in 11 of 13 shots, scored 25 points, dished out nine assists, made a school-record seven steals and grabbed five rebounds—all in 23 minutes. With Collins scoring 18 more points, Vegas then upset Tennessee 70-54 to win its second at-home tournament in seven days. (The week before, UNLV had taken the Rebel Round-up.) Las Vegas outrebounded Tennessee 40-27, and the Rebels' Sidney Green got the edge in his battle with the Vols' Dale Ellis, 25-24 in scoring and 13-6 in rebounds.

There was a sweet triumph for North Carolina at the end of the Rainbow Classic in Honolulu. The Tar Heels, who had defeated Texas Tech 79-47 and Oklahoma 77-69 in the first two rounds, trailed Missouri by 10 points in the championship game before squandering the score at 30-31 at halftime. At the start of the second half, the Tigers earned nine of their first 10 field-goal tries. North Carolina, though, was also on target, sinking 14 of its first 18 shots and pulling away from a 52-41 deadlock to win 73-58. That victory, in which Sam Perkins had 24 points and 13 rebounds for the Tar Heels, enabled Carolina to average an early-season 64-60 loss to Missouri.

"Whatley took over the game as much as any player I've coached against in 10 years," said Southern Cal's Stan Morrison following a 74-61 loss to Alabama in the opening round of the Winston Tite Classic in Los Angeles. Crimson Tide Guard Ennis Whatley dazzled Morrison with his 20 points and six assists and his ability to take charge. Although Whatley had only nine points to go with his nine assists in the finale against Georgetown, he again was in command as 'Bama routed 94-73. With Whatley feeding him, Tide forward Terry Williams put in 14 of 15 shots and ended up with 28 points.

Two years ago at the World University Games, Villanova's John Pinone met San Diego State Trainer Bob Moore. Last week at the Cabrillo Classic in San Diego, Pinone saw Moore and asked for some medical advice. Pinone's problem was a sore back, one that had been bothering him more and more during the past month. "He gave me some exercises to do and gave me a treatment," Pinone said. "It helped. The back feels better than it has in weeks." Pinone felt so good he scored 22 points, had eight rebounds and played solid defense as the Wildcats beat San Diego State 63-57 in the title game.

Wichita State Coach Gene Smithson had a problem: Where was he going to play Antoine Carr, his 6' 9" All-Missouri Valley Conference forward, who had recuperated from a right shinbone stress fracture and was finally ready to take the floor for the Shockers? After

SI TOP 20

1. MEMPHIS STATE (9-0) 3*
2. ALABAMA (6-0) 5
3. INDIANA (10-0) 6
4. UCLA (7-1) 2
5. KENTUCKY (8-1) 4
6. VIRGINIA (10-1) 1
7. ST. JOHN'S (11-0) 14
8. UNLV (10-0) 16
9. LOUISVILLE (8-2) 3
10. TENNESSEE (8-1) 7
11. IOWA (8-1) 11
12. SYRACUSE (10-0) 15
13. N.C. STATE (5-1) 12
14. NORTH CAROLINA (8-3)—
15. MISSOURI (9-2) 9
16. PURDUE (9-1) —
17. OKLAHOMA ST. (9-1) —
18. ILLINOIS STATE (8-1) 17
19. WICHITA STATE (8-1) 18
20. VILLANOVA (6-2) —

* Last poll

all, Smithson's team had won five of its first six games this season without Carr. Well, Smithson got 26 minutes of playing time from Carr against Pacific. With him scoring 14 points and with Xavier McDaniel getting 21, the Shockers won 75-66.

MIDWEST Memphis State was having a tough time against Southern Mississippi, leading 13-12 with 11:42 left in the first half, when the Tigers went on a 16-4 tear. When it was all over, Memphis State had an 81-60 victory. Keith Lee's marksmanship—eight of 11 from the floor and 14 of 15 from the line—produced 30 points for the Tigers.

The oldest in-season tournament, the All-College in Oklahoma City, was held for the 47th time. Oklahoma State came out on top by beating Houston Baptist 50-39 and Oklahoma City 76-64 as Guard Matt Clark had a total of 37 points and 12 assists and was chosen the MVP for the second time in his career. Daryl one other player in the history of the All-College tournament—Bob Kurland of the Cowboys in 1945 and '46—had won the award twice.

MIDEAST "It's like being invited by the Indians to Custer's last stand," grumbled Grambling's 6' 9" Napoleon Johnson. What the Tigers had been invited to was the first Hoosier Classic in Indianapolis. Indiana beat Grambling 110-62 and then got 19 points from Randy Wittman while stopping Nebraska 67-50.

By beating Columbia 86-53 and Western Kentucky 90-69, Georgia (9-0) won the Cotton States Classic in Atlanta. Tournament of-

ficals, who insisted that MVP ballots be turned in even though there was 12:40 to go in the finale, were chagrined when winner James Banks of the Bulldogs accepted the trophy and said, "It doesn't belong to me. I would like to present this trophy to my good friend and roommate, and the player who really deserves it—Vern Fleming." Fleming, who finished with a late flourish to lead all scorers with 23 points in the championship game, was subsequently declared the official MVP. However, he was still left off the all-tournament team.

But Southwestern Louisiana, Seton and Jacksonville came up short in tournaments at or near home. The Ragin' Cajons (9-1), who in the previous two weeks had won their own Bayou Classic and a similar event in Reno, were 65-56 losers to Mississippi State in the finale of the Sugar Bowl tournament in New Orleans. Seton's Hatters (8-1) were botten 61-60 by Purdue in the title game of the Tangerine Bowl tournament in Winter Park, Fla. During Florida's matchup against Jacksonville in the title game of the Gator Bowl tournament in Jacksonville, no one was more nervous than Sharon Sullivan, Gator Coach Norm Sloan's secretary. Sullivan was hoping she'd be able to unveil a surprise for her boss, and with 17 seconds left in what turned out to be a 56-47 Florida triumph, she got her wish as Gator players were handed orange T-shirts bearing the words "I WAS PART OF COACH NORM SLOAN'S SMITH WIN."

"We went terrible in the first half. We had passes going off fingers, hands and knees. Then our ball-handling guards tried to dribble off their knees or feet. It was terrible." That's what Illinois State Coach Bob Dorewald had to say about his team's first-half play against Northern Iowa. Such sloppiness left the Redbirds behind 30-29 at the intermission. Illinois State Guard Dwayne Tyus, who had done more than his share of bungling early in

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

WAYMAN TISDALE: The 6' 9" Oklahoma freshman, who had 102 points and 43 rebounds in three Rainbow Classic games, led his team to a 96-85 third-place win over Hawaii with 44 points and 17 boards.

the proceedings, scored all 18 of his points in the second half to propel the Redbirds to a 66-60 victory.

Hustling, aggressive defense by Kentucky forced Kansas into 17 turnovers and 36.4% shooting as the Wildcats won 83-62. Kentucky took charge with a 12-0 spurt midway through the first half, with reserve Guard Dicky Deal picking up four assists during that decisive surge.

Despite a subpar performance by Keith Lee, who had only 12 points, Memphis State prevailed 63-58 at Mississippi

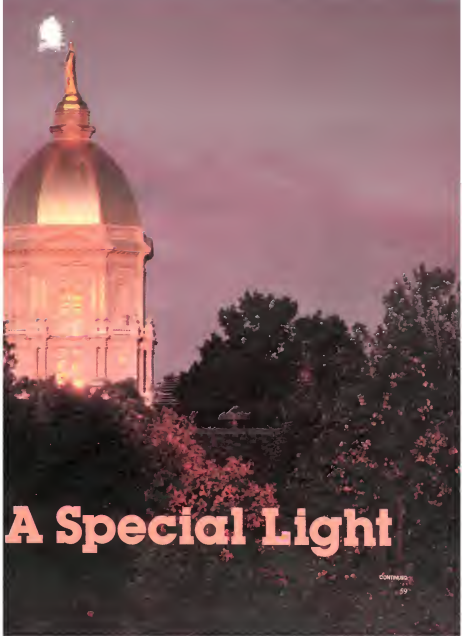
A critic of colleges that stoop academically to conquer athletically sees in Notre Dame—and its two enduring leaders—much worth emulating

by **JOHN UNDERWOOD**



Hesburgh (left) and Joyce have made the Irish toe the line.

Casting



A Special Light

CONTRACTOR

59



continued

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY WACHTER



Faust is everything the Notre Dame administration hopes for in a coach, except, perhaps, a big winner.

The challenge came by mail, from a valued friend who over the years had favored me with a sporadic correspondence, mainly in the form of gentle but well-aimed critiques of things I'd written. This time, apparently, I'd gone too far. He said he had read the things I had done on the recurring failures of intercollegiate sport. Failures to curb the big-money madness. Failures to relieve the pressure on coaches to win, pressure that has led to desperate conduct on and off the playing field and court—the cheating and the gratuitous violence. Worst of all, that pressure had led to the academic derelictions that have scandalized America in recent years.

Although granting that my stories—*notably The Writing Is on the Wall* (SI, May 19, 1980)—called attention to “inexcusable acts,” my correspondent

thought them on the whole too negative, too likely to rally only the cynics. There is indeed another side, he said, and he was living it every day. He wrote, “As I read [your words] I say to myself, ‘Not the slightest tinge of this scenario is applicable to Notre Dame. It simply doesn’t describe the athletic picture as I know it.’”

Then, taking both sides of a lively little morality skit, he asked rhetorically if Notre Dame might be unique in the high values and integrity it demanded of its athletic program. “I trust not,” he answered. He encouraged me to make an appraisal, promising “full access” to records and personnel, and reminded me (unnecessarily) that this wasn’t a self-serving suggestion, that, after all, Notre Dame really didn’t need any more publicity. But he thought some good could come from it because college administra-

tors were more troubled than ever that the system might be fundamentally flawed.

He polished off the challenge with best wishes and signed it with a flourish, right above the typed signature and title, "Edmund P. Joyce, C.S.C., Executive Vice-President."

The letter sat around for some time, but not passively. Like dough rising under a baker's towel, it expanded in my consciousness even as the system's breakdowns made their ugly marks in increasing number on the nation's sports pages and TV screens. I'm neither Irish nor Catholic, not a Notre Dame fan, not an alumnus, not even especially fond of the place or its famous victory march (*Oh Brave Old Army* Team has always struck me as a more inspiring number), but I had nonetheless come to include myself in that legion of admirers who harbor a vague conviction that Notre Dame is doing something right, that it possesses something that, if transmittable, might very well deserve parading around.

Shortly after that, I was in the company of a coaching friend who I happened to know once lusted for a football job at Notre Dame. A tyrannical pragmatism cured him of that itch—needing to eat, he took a job elsewhere. I asked him if he thought there were things to learn from Notre Dame, if in its success in football and other sports and its upgraded academic status in recent years, there were patterns to be found and followed.

The coach is a combustible conversationalist. When he gets on a subject he stomps around and waves his arms. Immediately he was into the verbal equivalent of top gear. "Learn? What's to learn?" he shouted. "That's Utopia! You can't even compare Notre Dame with us. Some of us try to run first-class programs within the rules. Some of us succeed, some don't. Notre Dame doesn't worry about it because it doesn't have to cheat. Father Joyce brags about not allowing transfer students or junior college graduates into Notre Dame and not redshirting players. Notre Dame doesn't need to do those things, you get the picture?" He paused to allow the picture to be gotten.

"Notre Dame doesn't recruit, Notre



The Gipper still is a presence in the Athletic and Convocation Center.

Dame gathers," he said. "You say 'Notre Dame' to a high school football player, and it's like saying 'free lunch' to a starving man. Half the top players in the country tell you they've been *dreaming* about going there since they were little kids. Nobody tells you they've been dreaming about going to Louisville or Memphis State.

"What do you learn from a place where a coach loses 12 games in 13 years? You want to know? O.K. One, tradition. Notre Dame has fantastic tradition. Two, it has Rockne. He's dead, but he'll live forever. Twelve losses in 13

years! Three, it has a great common denominator, Catholicism. Four, it has a great fight song. Five, it has a golden dome that blinds you to the fact that in the winter the campus looks like a penitentiary. But Number One it has great tradition, and you can't get that anymore because college presidents fire you if you don't win, and the program has to start all over again every time that happens.

"Educationally, I think Notre Dame is overrated, but for overall prestige in academics and athletics, it's in a class by itself. I think it's great that intercollegiate sport has an example like Notre Dame. But it's not the real world. It's Utopia."

Prejudices aside, Notre Dame undoubtedly is neither the dream world my coaching friend thinks it to be nor the model for every school that other administrators should rush to imitate, as Joyce appeared to suggest. But, upon evaluation, Joyce would seem closer to the mark. Certainly, Notre Dame has great football tradition, but so do other schools. There's no doubt, for example, that emerging O.J.'s all over Southern California dream of playing for USC like Notre Dame (and a goodly number of other schools). Southern Cal doesn't "have to cheat," but evidently it does—since 1956 the school has been on NCAA probation three times.

Notre Dame had Knute Rockne, but

continued

The path from the locker room to Notre Dame Stadium is liberally marked with past glories.



Alabama had the Bear, and Penn State has Joe. Notre Dame has Catholicism going for it, but Nebraska and Oklahoma and a lot of other schools have the religion of statewide football obsessions going for them. In short, Notre Dame may have more tradition and mystique and social forces working for it than any other football school, but its lead over its rivals in such things is nowhere near what a lot of them would have you believe.

Rather, the Irish's success in blending big-time football—and basketball—with integrity may be just as easily rooted in more mundane factors that other universities can copy to one degree or another. Joyce himself is the embodiment of perhaps the most significant of these factors: a consistent leadership.

Joyce has been one of Notre Dame's two major influences—the other, of course, having been the school's president, Father Theodore M. Hesburgh, C.S.C.—for an incredibly long time. Every person hired for a key position at Notre Dame in the last 30 years has been hired by Joyce or Hesburgh; they have been in charge that long. In the harsh realm of higher education, where leaders burn out quickly or get routed, no other major institution has been granted such consistency at the top. None comes close. The national average for time in rank for college presidents is seven years.

The tall, graying, icy-eyed Joyce comes across as a solid and caring administrator, comfortable in his role as a highly visible second banana to Hesburgh. For three decades he has played arch-conservative to Hesburgh's flamboyant liberalism: "It's Father Joyce," says one official



continued

cer in the Notre Dame administration, "who keeps Hesburgh from bankrupting the place." Working companions for 33 years, Hesburgh and Joyce have, among other accomplishments, performed a notable balancing act in keeping the monster of Notre Dame football both healthy and under control. Philosophically, they accept football's clout as a kind of astral benefit, like a prevailing wind, and refuse to be embarrassed or intimidated by it, although Hesburgh went through an early period of "putting it in its place."

At his first off-campus press conference as school president, in 1952, Hesburgh was asked to hike his carcock and crouch over a football for the photographers. "Would you ask the president of Yale to do that?" he replied testily and refused to pose. And he still revels in his in-house victories over Coach Frank Leahy on the issue of strict interpretation of eligibility standards for football players. Those triumphs helped Hesburgh establish his power base in the '50s.

"Intercollegiate athletics are important in the life of an institution, but not all-important," Hesburgh said at the 1981 Notre Dame football banquet, commemorating, ironically, the Irish's first losing season in 19 years. He once wrote in this magazine (Sept. 27, 1954) that

those who "favor intercollegiate athletics praise them out of all proportion to their merits," but those who deny them "are quite blind to the values" they possess. He says he wouldn't want to be at a university that didn't participate in major competitive sports, as long as those sports were honest. He also says he has his statement of priorities whittled down to a two-minute speech he gives new coaches: "The one I gave Gerry Faust is the same one I gave Ara Paragigian and Digger Phelps and Dan Devine. I say, 'You've got five years. We won't say boo to you if you lose. I think you'll have the tools here to win more than you lose, it seems to work that way, but if you don't, you won't hear from me. You will hear from me if you cheat. If you cheat, you'll be out of here before midnight.'"

Joyce defends the same hallowed ground in his own speeches and writing, and both he and Hesburgh regularly reaffirm their view that Notre Dame exists not to provide the civilized world with first-rate football teams, but with a place to go for a first-rate Catholic education. The football teams just happen to make it a more attractive place to go. That's what they say. I don't doubt they believe it.

It's instructive to point out, however, if only to give schools that have run afoul of the rules proof that fanaticism can

continued

No jack dorm: Barefoot basketballer Tim Kempton and non-athlete roommate tilt the books; no jack courses: Buck Allen Plinkett studies engineering.



BENSON & HEDGES

Deluxe Ultra Lights

Only 6 mg,
yet rich enough to be called deluxe.



6 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine
av. per cigarette, by FTC method

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Regular and Menthol.
Open a box today.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1983



De Cicco says 94% of Irish athletes graduate.

raise its ugly head in the best of circles, that in the '20s another Notre Dame president, the late John Francis O'Hara, proclaimed Notre Dame football to be "a new crusade" that "kills prejudice and stimulates faith," and blatantly promoted the school's identification with the sport on and off campus.

And the poor coaches who succeeded Rockne and Leahy—but without their predecessors' success—felt the wrath of the administration and wound up unemployed. Heartley (Hunk) Anderson (1931-33), who followed Rockne, and Terry Brennan (1954-58), who succeeded Leahy (1941-43, '46-'53), were sacrificed just as surely as they would have been at LSU or Texas A&M.

In the Brennan case, it was Hesburgh himself, with Joyce's backing as chairman of the athletic board, who yielded to the dark attraction college administrators seem always to have to firing football coaches. While bringing Notre Dame into the 20th century academically, an achievement for which he



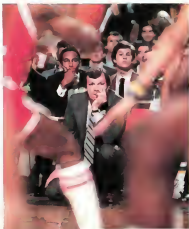
continued

may well deserve sainthood, Hesburgh had taken on Leahy's victory machine—four national championships, in 1943, '46, '47 and '49—and some highly dubious coaching ethics, and by 1953 had cut that eccentric genius down to size with restrictions that, in Leahy's eyes, if not Hesburgh's, amounted to de-emphasis. The number of scholarships was cut from 40 to 20 for a year, and the football department was made to adhere to strict eligibility rules.

Then, in 1954, Hesburgh helped ease Leahy, only 45 but suffering from ileitis, into retirement. "We made no effort to keep him," Joyce admits now. Four years later, Hesburgh had to scuttle Brennan, his personal choice as Leahy's replacement, when it became obvious that Brennan wasn't going to win enough games under those same restrictions.

The experiment in de-emphasis was over. It had done precious little for Notre Dame's spiritual or financial needs. Recalls an alumnus who has remained close to his alma mater for 40 years, "Fund-raisers were not mad, they were furious." It's not likely that Hesburgh will make such a mistake again. For one thing, he's too alert to fiscal needs. Notre Dame's endowment was \$8.5 million in 1952; it's now over \$200 million and in the Top 20 nationally.

Phelps's players have a perfect record when it comes to getting degrees.



In recent years, Hesburgh and Joyce have been outspoken critics of those abuses that have fouled college sport. Just last month, at the National Football Foundation and Hall of Fame dinner, Hesburgh called for a stricter code of academic standards—and struck fear in several university comptrollers' hearts by saying that Notre Dame might refuse to schedule schools that don't abide by such a code. There is some risk in this crusading business, especially if your own laundry isn't clean. But Joyce and Hesburgh can speak with confidence that their school has been obeying the letter—and even the spirit—of the rules.

Evidence: A private survey of the National Football League two years ago showed that, of the 31 former Notre Dammers then playing in the NFL, 30 had their degrees. When he passed on the survey to me, Joyce said that No. 31, New York Giant Offensive Tackle Jeff Weston, not wanting to be the lone ranger, was returning to school to get his diploma, which he has since done.

In the 18 years that Mike De Cicco, the Notre Dame athletic department's liaison with academe who doubles as the Irish fencing coach, has kept such records, only five Notre Dame football players have completed their eligibility without getting their degrees. Since 1971, all 41 basketball players who have completed their eligibility have earned degrees. Every single one.

Moreover, it must be noted that Notre Dame doesn't offer any of those "life science" majors or have any other apparent means of shielding an athlete from exposure to at least some of the rigors of scholarship. At all schools there are a few professors who grade athletes with affection—like the beloved "88" O'Grady, who taught philosophy at Notre Dame from 1926 to '56—but there's no such thing as a jock curriculum in South Bend.

There's no athletic dormitory at Notre Dame, either. Notre Dame doesn't believe in segregating athletes. Says Joyce, "We expect our athletes to be full-time members of the student body, no more, no less." In the dorms, the jocks get no perks, no favors,

continued

PONTIAC 6000



AMERICAN TECHNOLOGY, EUROPEAN SOPHISTICATION, WORLD CLASS.

The new Pontiac 6000 is an American road car designed for the world's most discriminating drivers.

Its advanced suspension system, which includes front-wheel drive, MacPherson front struts and power rack and pinion steering, provides impressive handling. Its 2.5 liter 4-cylinder engine, with the excitement of Electronic Fuel Injection, delivers responsive

performance. And its sophisticated, five-passenger interior and stylish wedge shape have an appeal that's universal.

Take the wheel of a Pontiac 6000, sedan or coupe, and experience this exciting combination of American technology and European sophistication.

Some Pontiacs are equipped with engines produced by other GM divisions, subsidiaries, or affiliated companies worldwide. See your Pontiac dealer for details.

© 1987 GM Corp.

PONTIAC  **WE BUILD EXCITEMENT**



Devise won a lot of games but not many hearts.



concealed

players who were given football scholarships in 1978, 25 graduated on time in 1982. Two are still in school and will get their degrees. Only one dropped out.

What good could possibly accrue to the athletic program, in terms of successful teams, under such academic orthodoxy? Economics Professor William Leahy says the Notre Dame faculty is "more appreciative" of its athletes—a subtle bonus. "They're not privileged characters, and we see it."

Equally illuminating is Notre Dame's police record with the NCAA. Great success attracts underminers who try to bring greatness down. Undermining is tacitly approved by the NCAA because its policing process calls for "cooperative enforcement," which means members are encouraged to snitch on each other when rules are believed to be broken. Currently 20 of the 788 member schools are on some kind of probation and 30 to 40 more are under investigation. Since 1952, 261 public penalties have been handed down. It would seem only natural that with its high profile Notre Dame would have gotten nabbed at one time or another, for one thing or another. And it has. Twice: in 1953, when it was "reprimanded" for illegal tryouts, and in 1971, when it was "reprimanded" for a minor technicality involving the grant-in-aid forms of several football players.

But that's it. Two misdemeanors—reprimands are the NCAA equivalent of parking tickets—in 62 years of big-time football and basketball. When I asked

NCAA Director of Public Relations David E. Cawood, he said, "The astonishing thing our enforcement people find is that they get so few complaints [about Notre Dame]. For a school that attracts so much envy, and even hate, you would expect it would be defending itself all the time. But nobody points a finger."

Last winter the reverse occurred. Digger Phelps, Notre Dame's basketball coach for 11 years, pointed the finger at certain unnamed programs in his sport that he said were paying star players \$10,000 a year under the table. The interesting thing about the charge wasn't that Phelps made it—he has been saying as much privately for years—but that he aroused no counter charges. Not one rival coach was heard to say that Phelps should clean up his own act before implicating others. To the contrary, the integrity of Notre Dame's program was never questioned.

The ability of Notre Dame's leadership to see the ways as well as the values of staying clean in an increasingly dirty world must be considered a reason that the school's reputation for rectitude goes unchallenged. Over the last couple of decades Hesburgh and Joyce have skillfully avoided the pitfalls that others so willingly leap into. There are, for example, no Notre Dame booster clubs, those rabid alumni-and-friends groups who at other schools create so many of the embarrassments (under-the-table payoffs, recruiting misdeeds, etc.) that result in penalties.

This isn't to say that Notre Dame discourages financial support. It generates millions through the 164 alumni clubs that Hesburgh shamelessly plies for

no fancy hideaways for watching color television. There is no special training table, except during the season of an athlete's sport when he has no choice but to dine late (after practice). Even then he eats the same food as everybody else, in one of the two campus dining halls. The athlete, in sum, benefits from having lived a "complete" college experience, rather than tunneling through a narrow corridor to the pros.

Seventy-five percent of the scholarship athletes in football and basketball are liberal arts or business majors; the other 25% divide into engineering, premed and prelaw. They, like other students involved in extracurricular activities, are granted one privilege in their academics: a priority in arranging their class schedules so that they can be free by 3 p.m. to practice. But even this isn't always possible, and when laboratories run to 4 or 5 p.m., as they often do, it's the coaches, not the athletes, who must make an accommodation.

Neither does Notre Dame believe in redshirting, and allows it only in cases of injury, never to "season" a player for later service. It pushes its athletes to graduate in four years. Most do. If one fails or drops a course, he must make it up in summer school. If his grade point average falls below the required 2.0 or he's lagging in the credits he needs (30 a year) for normal progress toward a degree, same thing—summer school. The salutary results can be charted: Of the 28

Football is part of the campus scene: here, cheerleaders practice before Rockne Memorial Building.



funds. But not one penny of any contribution can be earmarked for athletics or athletics. All donations go into the university's general fund. Therefore, no direct influence can be exerted by old grads on the athletic program. Notre Dame alumni clubs are notorious for complaining about the Irish football coach's worst record—and consistent in getting nowhere with their complaints.

Two football seasons ago, Joyce hired Gerry Faust from a Catholic high school in Cincinnati to succeed Dan Devine as football coach, even though Faust had never coached a day at the college level or ever recruited a college player. An ominous murmur could be heard from the direction of the alumni clubs. This apparent lapse in good sense should be carefully examined because it will tell us more about Notre Dame than meets the eye.

Six months earlier, Joyce had announced that for the first time in Notre Dame history an athletic endowment fund was being established, with a goal of \$10 million. In justifying this new endowment program, which would be administered by the office of development, not the athletic department, Joyce had cited soaring expenses, which had cut the "advantage" football and basketball revenues traditionally gained, as well as the need to expand the athletic program for women. Revenues in 1980 had reached an alltime high (\$4.3 million), but expenditures were so large that the net had been only \$29,000. By contrast, over a 50-year period—from back in Rockne's day to 1980—Notre Dame's athletic department showed an average annual profit of \$250,000.

An essential ingredient in Notre Dame's rise to glory has been the keen eye its leadership has always had for the bottom line. The power of profits has never been lost on the school. It's a pragmatism that comes directly from Rockne, and is best illustrated by one example:

In Depression-wrecked 1930, when the entire nation seemed on the verge of disintegrating, Notre Dame was building. It was building two dormitories, the law school, the engineering school, the commerce building and the new football stadium, mainly because Rockne's football teams had gained a national constituency through as slick a packaging job as spectator sport has ever seen. The Irish were a box-office smash year after year. And always the profits were pumped

back into the general fund. After financing the rest of the athletic program, Rockne's undefeated 1930 team netted \$689,000. In 1930, you could rebuild a small country with \$689,000. Says Francis Jones, class of '29, a South Bend attorney and intimate of his alma mater's administrators and athletes, "Notre Dame has never had a depression."

That being the case, what did the hiring, at this critical fiscal juncture, of a high school coach represent? One editorialist suggested that it amounted to bringing in a local car dealer to run General Motors. But it strikes me that there are two ways to look at the chance taken in hiring Faust. One, it was a gamble not inconsistent with others taken during the Hesburgh-Joyce era. Parseghian, for example, turned out to be the beau idéal of all Notre Dame coaches, but his previous coaching success was limited to several above-average seasons at Northwestern. He was no sure thing. To this day, neither Joyce nor Hesburgh admits to understanding why Devine (1975-80) wasn't beloved by the Irish faithful. He arrived in South Bend with a distinguished record, and he gave the fans good teams and even a national championship. When he could no longer handle the alumni charges that he somehow "didn't fit," Devine quit. He wouldn't have been fired.

Any coaching job carries within itself the seeds of an abrupt termination, but last winter, after his 5-6 inaugural season, there wasn't—and there still isn't—any movement by the university toward ending Faust's employment at Notre Dame. The jury of public opinion may still be out, but Joyce and Hesburgh don't answer to juries. Or alumni clubs.

Which brings us to the second, or more idealistic, way of looking at the Faust hiring. It represented a kind of *Dei gratia* stand for righteousness at Notre Dame, and never mind the business risk: Faust was more than just a successful high school coach. He was a devout, stand-up Catholic who made a lasting positive impression on his players. "We have a short motto," says Joyce. "What's good for the boy is good for Notre Dame." I think Gerry Faust will be good for the boys." In effect, the Faust hiring put Notre Dame's actions where its mouth has always been. But not always was. A South Bend man who was close to Leahy recalls his installation in 1941. "Leahy asked Father So-and-so,

"What do they want?" Father So-and-so said, "They want to win, and they don't care how."

Certainly, the hiring of Faust was more in line with what Notre Dame now sees itself to be, and that's almost as important as what it is. To be good, you must aspire to goodness. It doesn't come naturally.

In answering Joyce's challenge, I've now heard many voices giving many impressions of Notre Dame. Not all the voices were admiring ones. One rival coach denounced the school's "bullying"



Rockne: at good a promoter as he was a coach.

ways, especially at Notre Dame Stadium, and the "smugness" of its leadership in not taking "certain types of athletes."

Even some of those who were intimately connected don't feel that the bricks of Notre Dame were laid by angels. Alan Page, an All-American on the 1966 team, says that the place "never had a mythical effect on me." He says it was different "only in that it was smaller, and you couldn't get lost in the classes the way you might at Minnesota." Page says he has "no nostalgia for Notre Dame."

Perceptions randomly given are, of course, imperfect barometers. It is, rather, the weight of evidence between the extremes that make the larger truth. In

continued



continued

sorting out an accumulation of viewpoints. I found that the majority of those who have played at Notre Dame have an unusual affection for the place, even more deeply felt than I had imagined. Many of them talk in terms of the bond they forged, the kind you find among participants in a great mutual undertaking, like a war or a social crusade. They are not, however, of one mind.

The earlier ones speak almost exclusively of the football experience, how inspiring that was. Johnny Lujack quarterbacked the national championship teams of 1946 and '47. He remembers his first visit to the Notre Dame campus, as a high school senior. "I got to meet the coach [Leahy], to see the Notre Dame team, to be in the locker room after the game," he says. "Everything was the way I'd imagined it. Hell, if God had taken me then, I'd have thought I'd had a full life, and I was 17 years old."

Those whose experience is more recent seem to see Notre Dame in broader measure, as if in reflection of the greater breadth Hesburgh has brought to virtually all aspects of the university. In the pre-Hesburgh days, Notre Dame was considered academically a limited, sectarian institution and not necessarily even the best of the nation's Catholic schools. Today it's a well-regarded, "national" university that, while certainly no Harvard, ranks comfortably within the top 100 of the nation's 2,500 colleges.

Michael Oriard, a walk-on-center who co-captained the 1969 team, recalls that of the 10 or 12 people "I really lived with" in the dorm at Notre Dame, only he played football. "Four of the others are now doctors, three are lawyers, two are engineers," he says. "They were guys who got good educations. But you know, they never missed a football game." Oriard is now an English professor at Oregon State.

And among the contemporary players, there is unmistakable pride in being honorable at a time when honor seems to be in short supply. Standout senior Defensive Back Dave Duerson was, of course, recruited by other schools. Duerson says one recruiter in the South told him, "When you take a test here, all you have to do is put your jersey number on top of



Five years after his 1949 team went undefeated, Leahy resigned—and Hesburgh didn't object.

the paper. That'll get you your grade." Duerson says the suggestion turned him off. "I had a 3.75 average in high school. I didn't need any free passes."

What these statements of devotion—especially the ones from more recent players—say is that the experience of being at Notre Dame is enhanced by the way football is integrated into the very marrow of university life. Football isn't a matter of survival at Notre Dame—it hasn't been that since the '20s when Rockne put the school on the map—it's a matter of enrichment. The game has greatly enhanced the school and continues to do so.

Why is it important to accept football's eminence in Notre Dame's life? Does doing so not admit that Notre Dame is, after all, a "football factory" just like a lot of other big-time schools? Of course it does; but the point is this: Notre Dame has a leadership that knows how to appreciate football as much as it knows how to control it. That's a combination that has led to an integrity of purpose that didn't spring from some bygone miracle but has been an evolutionary thing, brought about mainly by good people doing a good job. Notre Dame's special quality when it comes to athletics isn't a superior morality, but a superior and deeply involved leadership.

Says Hesburgh, "No coach can ever say he wasn't aware of our policies."

Joyce, who with Hesburgh's blessing runs Notre Dame athletics as a sort of autonomous fiefdom, says he "constantly reminds people that integrity is our top priority here. I do that personally, not through an intermediary. . . . Many schools fail in athletics because of a lack of control at the top. We will never have that here."

Like all human institutions, Notre Dame isn't "pure" and never has been. It's not above reproach and never has been. But it strives mightily to attain purity and be above reproach. The heart of the matter is that Notre Dame is proud of being righteous. This creates a perpetuating kind of morality. In a way, this makes obeying the rules easier. When you build for yourself a glass house, you watch what you wear to the breakfast table.

All the testimony supports this trust. When Aubrey Lewis, one of the first blacks to play for Notre Dame and now a vice-president of F.W. Woolworth Co. in New York, says, "The quality of the education, the quality of the people, the integrity, the honesty—they must never change," he means that Notre Dame is obligated to this. Parseghian says that he's proudest of the fact that he achieved what he did "without ever cheating." He says Notre Dame has an "obligation" to set this example. "People have a need to idolize, to look up to something. Notre Dame provides that."

It got to that only in time, however. Early on, Notre Dame was holier-than-thou, but not always so holy. Only in recent times has the reality come close to living up to the reputation. There's some irony in this, too. As its outside image became more liberal, Notre Dame's inner commitment to scrupulous behavior—at least in its athletics—became more conservative.

Notre Dame doesn't cheat in recruiting. At least there's no evidence that it does, and the prospect of having the man at the top intervene if it did is surely a reason for coaches not being tempted to cut corners. The leadership rides equally hard on academic matters. Joyce gets monthly progress reports from De Cicco, who gets them from deans and professors. Admissions are gone over with a fine-tooth comb. Notre Dame requires an incoming freshman athlete to have a combined score of at least 900 on his SATs, rate in the top third of his high school graduating class and be credited with 16 units of English, foreign language, social studies, science and math at a minimum 2.0 average. There are no special admissions.

Notre Dame doesn't take junior college or transfer athletes, ostensibly because it doesn't want to appear to be in the business of "prepping" players for big-time football or basketball, but also because it doesn't want to risk trusting the entrance criteria or normal progress rules of other institutions.

Those are guidelines; in point of fact, circumstances can warrant making exceptions—and two such cases were on the football team last fall. Fullback Larry Moriarity, whose grandfather and brother played at Notre Dame, came in from Santa Barbara City College. Tight End Ricky Gray transferred from Clemson to nearby Holy Cross Junior College, and then to Notre Dame. Both cases had to go to the athletic faculty board, whose chairman is Joyce. The rationales for their acceptances were that it had made sense for Moriarity to attend a college near his home while recovering from the trauma caused by a traffic accident and later a near fatal case of spinal meningitis, while Gray had been previously accepted by Notre Dame's admissions committee. Nevertheless, I have to think a considerable soul-searching was involved on Joyce's part.

It's simply not accurate to believe,

moreover, that Notre Dame doesn't make academic allowances when competing for athletes. It suffers its share of coaches lobbying Director of Admissions John Goldrick for special consideration. Goldrick doesn't always turn a deaf ear. The difference is that his gray areas for admissions are just not as broad as those at numerous other schools, and the scrutiny—primarily Goldrick's, but Joyce's, too—is so keen that a coach would be ill-advised to try pulling a fast one with, say, a recruit's transcript. De Cicco says that only three of the 27 football players brought in on scholarship last year were under the standards, and "any more than that would have the admissions department screaming, not to mention Father Joyce."

The halfback who can run a 4.4 40 or the quarterback who can throw a 60-yard spiral into a water bucket might get in with 14 credits or a combined SAT score of 850 or a "predicted" GPA of 2.0 (the NCAA's minimum), "but never a combination of the three," De Cicco adds.

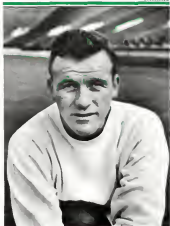
Willie Fry, a defensive end (class of '78), came in with only two years of math, but high grades in other subjects made him a worthwhile risk, and he graduated on schedule. Halfback Jerome Heavens ('79) raised some eyebrows at Notre Dame when he was accepted there. His average, says De Cicco, was barely over 2.0, and he "generally didn't have the numbers in other areas." In such instances, Notre Dame tries hardest of all. "With Heavens we went on red alert," De Cicco says. "We had him tutored in English, math and science, and we kept waiting for the other shoe to drop. He majored in economics and graduated in 3½ years."

It would be naive to believe that this devotion to scholarship has always been so scrupulous at Notre Dame, or that it would be so if the leadership qualities weren't as strong in the coaches' offices as they are in the administrators'. Notre Dame has been blessed by many

things, and more than anything, it has been blessed by the presence of three extraordinary football coaches: Rockne, Leahy and Parseghian. The fact is, however, that by Heshburgh-Joyce standards, only Parseghian would measure up as exemplary. Rockne was a football original—a brilliant coach, a spellbinding orator and an entrepreneurial genius. Notre Dame was lucky he came along. But he was also a shameless huckster who played loose with the truth, and there is more than casual evidence that his dedication to the academic side of his players' lives was not as rigorous as some have made it out to be. Leahy had the Irish good looks of a movie idol. He was capable of eloquent, impassioned speeches and was a tactical genius. But Leahy was also a practice-field martinet obsessed with winning, and he brought more than a casual shame on old Notre Dame by his devious on-field tactics—for example, the notorious sucker shifts and fake-injury plays.

As for Parseghian, there is no evidence that he recruited illegally, or that he pampered or paid his athletes, or that he played loose with the rules. He wasn't even paid like a big-time coach, at least at the start. He came to Notre Dame for \$20,000 a year, a \$2,000 raise from his

continued



Heshburgh picked Brennan to follow Leahy, then had to fire him.

salary at Northwestern. He didn't ask for or get a car or a house. In the end, of course, he became rich and famous. It could be argued that it was justified all around.

Along with Notre Dame's administration, Parseghian believed, as does Faust, that big-time athletics and meaningful education are compatible, that you can compete and still have your athletes graduate in four years, and not be segregated in jock dorns, and not be bribed as recruits or babied as undergraduates, and not be paid a penny beyond the costs of their education. But as long as Notre Dame's leadership clings to the fable that "football is only a game, no more, no less," a statement Hesburgh made at the 1981 football banquet, it will come up short of being an athletic paragon.

To show that that statement has the heavy odor of baloney, one need only compare the treatment afforded Notre Dame's football and basketball programs with that given its other varsity sports. Football and basketball get a ton of support and attention, not because they are better character builders or better examples of manliness or anything else. They get it because they represent money and interest. And the chance to make more money and get more interest. You don't concoct a \$1.9 million budget for a sport that is "only" a sport. The practical consideration is as important as the idealistic one. As long as this isn't acknowledged, the inconsistencies will jump out every time the lid is off.

It is fiction that Notre Dame is successful in all 18 varsity sports. There are now only four full-time head coaches at Notre Dame—on football, basketball, hockey and women's basketball (as a concession to Title IX legislation). Other head coaches must perform other duties. Of the 160 athletes now on scholarship, 95 (the NCAA limit) are football players, 18 are hockey players, 13 are basketball players. The other sports divide and subdivide—by giving "partials"—the rest. Track gets 11, women's basketball eight, baseball four, tennis two, golf one, etc.



continued

The results speak for themselves. The Notre Dame baseball team had eight losing seasons in the 10-year period from 1971 through 1980. Since 1958, swimming has been .538. The tennis team had six undefeated seasons and won two NCAA titles, but those came over a 60-year period and it doesn't do very well



Parseghian, with Jim Carroll and Claiborne Mike III, was the ideal coach.

anymore. De Cicco's fencing team is a notable exception: With no scholarships and a tiny budget (\$45,000), it has achieved a 369-36 record in 21 years.

The rationale is practical and understandable: Football and basketball make money, the others don't. Phelps's teams have sold out every home game for 10 years, and the basketball budget benefits accordingly. After expenses of \$455,000 (including salaries of \$107,000 and grants-in-aid of \$90,000), the 1981-82 basketball team made \$160,000. Football in 1981-82 had expenses of \$1,900,000, including \$339,000 in salaries, \$651,000 in grants, \$148,000 in travel and \$101,000 in recruiting. It spent \$36,000 on film, \$19,000 on laundry and \$18,000 on long-distance telephone calls. And it made a profit of \$577,000.

Joyce says he's sympathetic to the idea that increased support could make other sports do better and perhaps make mon-

ey, but he's not inclined to wait too long for it to happen. In 1980 hockey was promoted heavily for the first time and it drew nice crowds. But at the end of the year it had nevertheless lost \$123,000, and in 1981 its wings were clipped. The Notre Dame hockey team now competes in a "bus league," in which it doesn't have to fly to away games. Joyce is hopeful that women's basketball "will prove revenue-producing," and in 1980 granted \$220,000 a year to run that program. But

he admits if it were field hockey "such an expense would be unconscionable."

Joyce is correct, of course, when he says a university can have a "satisfactory athletic program without being expensive." He's justifiably proud that Notre Dame supports 28 intramural sports and 11 club sports. These are never revenue-producing. The profits from varsity football cover the expense. Moreover, it wouldn't be very practical to throw fistfuls of money into sports that might color the bottom line red. You have to call a halt somewhere. Lavishly endowed Ivy League schools "can afford a million-dollar loss in athletics," says Joyce, "but Notre Dame can't."

Notre Dame doesn't have to. Its football team has been on network television 71 times. It has been the subject of more than 50 books. Its appeal has been instrumental in the formation of 164 Notre Dame Alumni Clubs. It continues to be the linchpin for the entire Notre Dame athletic program, and the promulgator of the Notre Dame image that makes the school's endowment drives so much easier.

Notre Dame? Father Joyce was right in issuing his challenge. It tells us something worth listening to. I remember a full-page ad from *Time* magazine that ran midway through the second decade of the Hesburgh-Joyce administration. Taking up half the ad was a picture of a football. Under the football was a caption: "If that's all you know about Notre Dame, you have a lot to learn." That is clearly the truth.

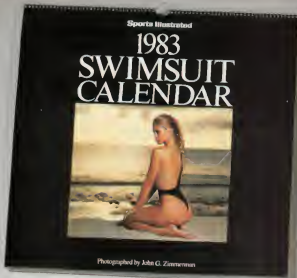
**NEW!
IT'S FILTERED!**

LUCKY STRIKES AGAIN

THE MOMENT IS RIGHT FOR IT.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filters Soft and Safe: 12 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



You waited all year for this



1983 will be a breathtaking year with the all-new Sports Illustrated 1983 Swimsuit Calendar. Join four top fashion models, Kim Alexis, Carol Alt, Charissa Craig, and Kathryn Redding, on some of the world's most exotic beaches in the sumptuous full-color photographs of John G. Zimmerman. Now available directly from the publisher, the 1983 Swimsuit Calendar is superbly printed on heavy, art-quality stock. Spiral-bound to keep the months together, even after they have gone by. Large 15" x 15" format. 1983: a year to remember. Order now for yourself. A splendid gift idea, too!



Credit-card orders

CALL TOLL-FREE 1-800-345-8500

Ext. 37

Sports Illustrated 1983 Swimsuit Calendar \$8.95 each.

SPECIAL SAVINGS: Order 3 or more @ \$7.95 each.

Add \$1 per order for shipping.

Call now for credit-card orders,

or send check or money order to:

Sports Illustrated Swimsuit Calendar

P.O. Box 11011, Chicago, Ill. 60611

Also available at fine bookstores



© 1980

Don't miss out!

While quantities last, get fantastic values
on office equipment at Sears.

54 x 24-inch desk Double-pedestal steel base with large center drawer, two box and two full suspension file drawers. Walnut grained laminated top and brown enamel finish. **\$129⁸⁸**

Swivel/tilt chair Comfortable foam-padded seat with tilt tension and adjustable height control. Available in brown only. **\$69⁸⁸**



Full suspension files

Two and four drawer letter-size cabinets, 22-inches deep. With heavy gauge steel frame and full locking drawers. In brown only.

Two drawer
\$59⁸⁸

Four drawer
\$89⁸⁸



The Electric Communicator

Our electric typewriter features 6-step cover up correction Pica-size type. With 12-inch power carriage return. Plus preset tab index, power repeat and spacebar. Carrying case included. **\$149⁸⁸**

Special Purchase

All items shown are Special Purchases though not reduced they are exceptional values.



Offer begins January 1 while quantities last. Available at participating Sears-Roebuck Stores. Prices and dates apply only to the continental United States.

sears

**WHILE
QUANTITIES
LAST!**

Edited by GAY FLOOD

YOUNG GRETZKY

Sir,
Congratulations to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* for having the good taste to choose Wayne Gretzky as 1982's Sportsman of the Year (Greatness Confirmed, Dec. 27-Jan. 3), and congratulations to Wayne Gretzky for earning this honor.

As my interest in hockey grows, sparked by exciting young players like Gretzky and aided by the football strike, which helped me to realize there are other sports worth watching at this time of year, I find it increasingly annoying that I must leaf through the back pages of the sports section of my newspaper to locate articles on hockey. It is a pleasure to find that *SI* and Gretzky have helped to bring hockey into the limelight.

RITA L. WILSON
Pittsburgh

Sir:

Your selection of Wayne Gretzky as Sportsman of the Year once again illustrates *SI*'s tremendous knowledge and understanding of the sports world. In my opinion, and I'm sure in the opinion of many others, there couldn't have been a better choice.

PETER SHERMAN
Washington, D.C.

Sir:

Bobby Hull summed it up best when he said of Gretzky, "You find yourself pining for him, don't you?" Edmonton's road attendance figures would seem to bear Hull out. Gretzky's greatest fans aren't necessarily north of the border.

JAY HILL
Shawnee Mission, Kans.

Sir:

Well done! I congratulate E.M. Swift for illustrating that Wayne Gretzky is worthy of being considered the greatest hockey player ever and of being considered one of the greatest sportsmen ever. However, even though I'm a big hockey fan and I admire Gretzky, I think Jimmy Connors was overlooked. Connors had an incredible year, winning both Wimbledon and the U.S. Open, and I doubt he'll have another like it. I think *SI* jumped the gun by naming Gretzky Sportsman of the Year in 1982. He still has many years of excellence to come, while Connors' time is now.

MALCOLM MILLER
Greenwich, Conn.

Sir:

What's this? The greatest coach in the history of football retires and you put a hockey player on the cover. I walked all the way to my mailbox to get my *SI*. I just knew the cover would be a classic shot of the Bear standing

under the goalpost. The person who chose the Gretzky cover should be slapped with a wet noodle. And Robin Yount should have been Sportsman of the Year.

WAYNE HALL
Dawson, Ala.

THE BEAR

Congratulations on John Underwood's fine article on Bear Bryant (*After Many a Splendid Season, the Bear Hangs Up His Hat*, Dec. 27-Jan. 3). Frank Deford's earlier story on Bryant ("I Do Love the Football," Nov. 23, 1981) pales in comparison.

As a former Alabama undergrad and graduate student (1972-78), I saw Bryant-coached teams win 10 or more games in six of my seven school years. Over that period Alabama won two national championships and finished on the Top 5 six times.

It never failed to cause chills to run up my spine when Bryant would pause before an applauding Alabama student section during his pregame stroll, doff his houndstooth-check hat and place it over his heart. He was, as Underwood said, a man who "cared deeply" about players, coaches and fans alike. Because he appreciated those around him, was the last to take any credit and was magnanimous in his gestures, he was easy to love.

CHARLIE FLEMING
Geneva, Ala.

LANKER'S LOOK AT '82

Sir:

Congratulations to *SI* and photographer Brian Lanker on the wonderful portfolio entitled *Pieces of '82* (Dec. 27-Jan. 3). As a sports photographer for Columbia University, I deeply appreciate Lanker's creative vision. The hands of Rickey Henderson, Sugar Ray Leonard's gaze, the illuminating smile of Magic Johnson—all are exciting and fun and portray the psychological as well as the physical gifts of these remarkable athletes.

Lanker's obvious technical talent and originality are inspirational as well as entertaining. I hope more of his work will grace future issues.

JEFF RAPSON
New York City

Sir:

Pieces of '82 was a most welcome Christmas present. *SI* has always strived to show the American public, via photojournalism, the grace of athletic endeavor. Brian Lanker's photographic essay surpasses all the others you have published. He deserves boundless credit, especially for the picture of Larry Holmes holding his infant son. The brutality of the boxing ring isn't forgotten but put into

perspective when placed alongside the love of a father for a child. The strength and the fragility, the awareness and the naiveté—this picture is staggering in its honesty.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has brought to me many hours of thought-provoking, as well as lighthearted, reading, but *Pieces of '82* is to be treasured by all who follow sport.

JEFFREY C. SIEGEL, Ph.D.,
Forensic and Clinical Psychology
Dallas

THE GREAT HAWAIIAN FOOTRACE

Sir:

Finding an article by Kenny Moore in your year-end issue (*To the Limit and Beyond*, Dec. 27-Jan. 3) was indeed a pleasure. He is that rare combination of a tried and tested athlete and a person whose perception and sensitivity, as evidenced by his writing, extend way beyond the mere recounting of an event. Articles of the caliber of Moore's serve to elevate your magazine above sports to life itself—a perspective from which we all can benefit.

Concerning his performance in the second Great Hawaiian Footrace, I would offer this advice to Moore: To know that "the price is greater for one's being fully conscious of it" and then to continue in spite of that knowledge can only be very foolish or very courageous. "And each successive stop was another loud, fatal rip on the door of my undoing."—Camus, *The Stranger*.

TED STROUIN
Wrentham, Mass.

Sir:

Kenny Moore's article *To the Limit and Beyond* was excellent. I would like to point out that Moore's isolated episode of "heart-blood red" urine was probably not caused by a traumatized bladder, as suggested by Dr. Rudy Drensdorfer, but was more likely secondary to the rapid and intense destruction of striated muscle fibers that can occur with extreme exertion, particularly in hot weather. This will release myoglobin into the bloodstream, which leads to myoglobinuria (myoglobin in the urine) and, as the result, darkened to burgundy-colored urine. This also can lead to kidney damage and acute renal failure. Moore is lucky he recovered as rapidly as he did and was probably helped by the large amount of fluid he ingested after the race.

I would strongly suspect that Dr. Drensdorfer's daily blood studies to detect elevations in heart enzymes instead showed elevation of Moore's muscle enzymes over this period.

GARY NEWMAN, M.D.,
Philadelphia
continued

THE VIETNAM EXPERIENCE

A Story Too Important Not To Be Told

"THE VIETNAM EXPERIENCE promises to be one of the major works of our time. One can scarcely wait for volumes to come."

—Theodore H. White, Author of *Making of the President*

"Few events in history have inspired more writing than the Vietnam War, yet this series promises to be the first comprehensive, critical account of the whole lamentable conflict."

—George W. Ball, Former Undersecretary of State

"Failure should be studied no less intensely than victory, if only to ensure that it is never repeated. It is clear from this inaugural volume that no effort will be spared to make this the work on the Vietnam War."

—John Barkham, Syndicated Book Reviewer

"A thoughtful, exceedingly well-written and admirably illustrated introduction to this tragic episode in the American experience."

—John Kenneth Galbraith, Economist and Author

"Congratulations on this major achievement. It's time someone has objectively reviewed the Vietnam conflict in its entirety and placed it in perspective."

—Robert W. Doubek, Project Director, Vietnam Veterans Memorial Fund



Volume 1 sets the stage... tracing fateful steps from the first invasion of Vietnam by the Chinese over 2,000 years ago through the Japanese and French occupation. This book series covers Vietnam in its entirety... the war, the country and the events that led the U.S. into Vietnam. *It may be one of the most important and powerful book series you will ever read.*

Recommended by
TIME-LIFE BOOKS



Return NOW To: Boston Publishing Company, Inc.
541 North Fairbanks Court Chicago IL 60611

Yes! Please send me *Setting the Stage*, for a 10-day FREE examination. I understand it is fully refundable. Or I may opt for \$14.95, plus shipping and handling, and become eligible to receive additional volumes... one at a time about every six weeks, always at the same price and for a 10-day free examination. There is no maximum number of books that I must buy and I may cancel my subscription at any time simply by notifying you.

NOTE: If you are late payment, we'll pay shipping and handling. Enclosed is my check for \$14.95 payable to Trust Life Books for *Setting the Stage*. I understand you'll pay the shipping and handling.

Please send me *Setting the Stage*, and bill me later. **DEADLINE**

Name, please print: _____
Street and Number: _____
City: _____ State: _____ ZIP: _____

19TH HOLE continued

EWING VS. SAMPSON

Sir

As a Virginia alumnus and avid Cavalier fan, I thoroughly enjoyed your Dec. 20 cover story on Virginia's victory over Georgetown (*When Push Came to Shove*). I was delighted with the thorough coverage you provided. However, I take exception to Curry Kirkpatrick's conclusions about the Ralph Sampson-Patrick Ewing duel. I thought Ewing played very well against Sampson and that the duel wasn't as one-sided as the article indicated. Ewing did a fine job against the best player in college basketball today. I hope Kirkpatrick's comments weren't designed to get Ewing psyched up for a potential rematch in March. I shudder to think of him playing with even more intensity than he already does.

KURT J. POMERANCE
Bristol, Va.

Sir

The matchup between Ewing and Sampson was a thing of beauty. While Curry Kirkpatrick correctly stated that Sampson proved himself to be the better of the two, I think more credit should have been bestowed on Ewing for playing a courageous game against a taller and more seasoned opponent. Big Ralph is No. 1 now, but Ewing will avenge that role one day.

WILLIAMS HENRI
Gastonia, N.C.

Sir

Your comments about Ralph Sampson were a bit too much. You seem to think he's the greatest ever in college basketball. But how many times has he led Virginia to the NCAA championship?

Look at all the top college players in recent years who carried their teams to the title: Kareem Abdul-Jabbar (UCLA), Magic Johnson (Michigan State), Durrell Griffith (Louisville), James Worthy (North Carolina), David Thompson (NC State), Bill Walton (UCLA) and, almost, Larry Bird (Indiana State), to name a few. Virginia hasn't even won an ACC Tournament championship in the "Ralph Era." Before you put Sampson in a class with these other stars, his on-the-court results should be more impressive.

TED SCOTT
Duluth, Va.

Sir

No wonder Sampson and Ewing are so good! As your opening photograph clearly showed, between the two of them they have six legs and six arms. Curry Kirkpatrick made no mention of this anatomical bonus in his otherwise informative article.

FRANK J. CIABARRA
Charlottesville, Va.

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to: The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

THE BIGGEST DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THIS CHEVROLET AND MOST LUXURY IMPORTS IS SIMPLY THE PRICE OF ADMISSION.

Compare Chevrolet Monte Carlo with any or all of these luxury imports.

You'll find some differences.

You'll also find a surprising number of similarities.

DAISUN MAXIMA	\$10,869*
TOYOTA CRESSIDA	\$13,169*
AUDI 5000S	\$14,355*
CHEVROLET MONTE CARLO	\$ 8,918**

In fact, we'll go out on a limb and predict you'll discover that the biggest difference between those cars and this car is not the comfort, not the quiet, not the ride, not the size, not even the quality. Not at all.

We think you'll find that the biggest single difference is simply the price of admission.

Which leaves one question unanswered.

Are those other cars overpriced?

Or is Monte Carlo simply an exceptional value?



Chevrolet Monte Carlo.

An intelligent alternative to an expensive luxury import.

Let's get it together...buckle up.

*Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price. Tax, license, destination charges, dealer prep and optional equipment are extra.

**Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price including dealer prep, sport mirrors, wire wheel covers, white stripe toys, side window sill molding and cornering lamps. Tax, license, destination charges and other optional equipment are extra.



USA-1 IS TAKING CHARGE

Chevrolet

MONTE CARLO • CELEBRITY • CAVALIER • CHEVETTE • CORNARO • CITATION • MALIBU • CAPRICE • CORVETTE

Here comes

BRIGHT

A fresh new taste experience
that outshines menthol.

It not only tastes fresher while you smoke.
It even leaves you with a clean, fresh taste.



1 mg. "tar" 0.5 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.